

*The American*  
**LEGION**  
M O N T H L Y

AUGUST 1931

25 CENTS



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*than any other gasoline*



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## ETHYL GASOLINE



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That's what the order read—and so along the winding road that follows the Aisne—by the shell torn villages of Venizel and Sermoise—the Cadillac roared through the night. Closer and closer to the mutilated spires of the cathedral that appeared and disappeared in the blinding flashes of the bombardment. Now on the rutted road, now clinging perilously on its very edge to escape a newly blasted shell crater, and finally stopping not three miles from the front lines. . . . *Just a leaf turned back in a soldier's book of memories to remind him that today, as well as in that bitter time when the world was locked in combat, Cadillac is carrying on in a firm belief that craftsmanship and higher ideals will do the better job.*



CADILLAC MOTOR CAR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN, DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

AUGUST, 1931



*For God and country, we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred percent Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to combat the autocracy of both the classes and the masses; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness.—Preamble to the Constitution of The American Legion.*

AUGUST, 1931



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## AMONG NEXT MONTH'S FEATURES

**T**HIRTY-SIX winners of the Biggest Parade awards, ranging from \$500 to \$25, will describe "A Great American Achievement and Why I Think It Is Great". . . . Two grand old men of American letters, HAMLIN GARLAND and IRVING BACHELLER, will shake hands across the printed page when Mr. GARLAND interviews Mr. BACHELLER as an introduction to Mr. BACHELLER's novel of Revolutionary days, "The Master of Chaos," which will begin in the October number. . . . RUPERT HUGHES, once known as a novelist who dabbled in history, now famous as a historian who occasionally seeks diversion in writing a novel, uses "The War We Lost by Pacifism" as a text for a ringing plea for adequate national defense. . . . NATIONAL COMMANDER RALPH T. O'NEIL presents a graphic survey of the Legion's twelve-year fight for the disabled veteran. . . . KARL W. DETZER'S "Sugar" is—you guessed it—another thrilling chronicle of the D. C. I.

## This Month's Cover

**G**IAINT airplanes and airships herald a new age, but the railroad and the locomotive still symbolize one of our greatest national achievements—the conquest of a continent in a single century. Herbert M. Stoops depicts on this month's cover a not uncommon sight in the America of today, where trunk line railroad no longer must halt deferentially when meeting brother railroad but may cross it with undiminished speed on bridge or through tunnel.

The passenger locomotive for many years has been equal to every performance demanded of it, but railroad management is still digging its spurs into the steel flanks of the giant freight locomotive, goading it to carry tremendously heavier loads at faster and faster speeds. The experts maintain that freight locomotives must run at the speed of passenger locomotives, and freight trains are growing longer and longer. The country's economic future is bound up with this speed and pay-load efficiency.

The average freight car now travels thirty-odd miles in twenty-four hours and earns \$2,200 a year. Its life is from twenty to twenty-five years. There are almost 3,500,000 freight cars on this continent and the railroads buy an average of 150,000 new ones each year. The prosperity of the railroads and the prosperity of the country as a whole are inseparable. The growing efficiency of the railroads is a rainbow in the economic skies.

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**207 BRACELET**  
Sterling silver bracelet, black enamel, with a plated emblem, \$5.00

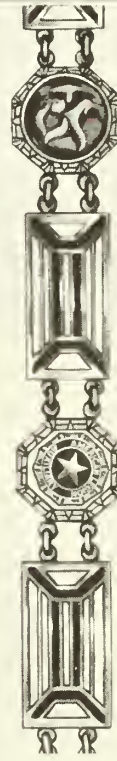


**203 BAR PIN**  
Sterling silver bar pin, black enamel design with plated emblem, \$1.50



**210 COMPACT**  
White metal, modernistic design. Blue and black enamel top, engine turned back. Powder and rouge, \$2.25

Fashionable, modernistic compacts and ultra-smart jewelry are the very latest offerings to the American Legion Auxiliary. And at surprisingly low prices. A convenient order blank has been incorporated in the handy coupon below.



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Sterling silver bar pin, black and blue enamel, modernistic design. Plated emblem, \$1.25

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**LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY**  
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Name ..... Address .....

A. L. M. ....

OVER SIXTY-EIGHT YEARS IN BUSINESS



# KING *of* BURGLARS

*By*  
*Peter B. Kyne*

FOR a number of years "Uncle" Ben Bannister had not been very lucky with his horses, nor was he in ignorance as to the reason. He lacked outstanding sires at his breeding farm. The two stallions he owned were royally bred and, as two-year-olds, had showed great promise. As three-year-olds each had won a stake event; then one had fallen and injured its shoulder very badly, while the other had been kicked on the knee by another horse at the starting gate. As a result both had been retired to the stud, where Uncle Ben hoped for great results from their get. But he had been disappointed. Three crops of their best had been sent to the race-course, where not one had proved a sensation, although as selling-platers and sprinters who could win handily in their own set Uncle Ben had been enabled to dispose of them at a good price. But the knowledge that none of them would ever shatter a track record in a long race branded their sires as failures; consequently Uncle Ben was receiving mediocre prices in his annual auction sale of yearlings and slowly there had been forced upon him the conviction that he could not afford to breed horses and sell them for from five hundred to fifteen hundred dollars. His overhead was much too high to permit that, and he already owed considerable money.

The trouble with Uncle Ben, too, was that he was old-fashioned. Primarily a breeder, victory and not purses challenged his attention. His idea of a happy life was to breed great horses,



*The breeder had given the horse to his daughter as a saddler and the girl would not sell her*

sell them at a fine price and let the new owner gamble with them. If then they reflected credit on him as a breeder Uncle Ben was happy. He had had his fling at operating a racing stable and had not made any appreciable amount of money at the venture; hence, until he could produce a couple of stake horses he had

decided to limit his race-course activities to the development of a few promising candidates annually; when these failed to exhibit championship possibilities he sold them and went back to his farm. He was known as a man who never entered a horse unless he expected to win; he was always trying.

He had some very fine mares which, bred to the right sire, should produce real race-horses. Once he had had a peculiar experience. The mare he valued least of all, when bred to Goose-



step, the sire he thought the least of, had produced a colt whose early performances had been so startling that Uncle Ben had sold him for twenty-five thousand dollars as a two-year-old. As a three-year-old this colt had failed to live up to his owner's early expectations, but Uncle Ben knew that was the fault of his owner, not the horse. The man was a moneyed fool, with a fool for a trainer; between them they had broken the horse down in the very flower of his promise.

Now, the breeding of Goosestep to this mare had been an error. His trainer had misunderstood his instructions. So Uncle Ben, wondering if the result had not been one of Nature's little jokes, bred the mare to Goosestep again—and another sweet two-year-old raised high hopes at Ridgewood Farm. The colt won Uncle

he decided. "That's where the mystery crops up. And Goosestep has a broad strain of the same blood in him. The perfect 'nick.' Uncle Ben Bannister, it's up to you to get some mares of this strain and breed Goosestep to them."

Back through the old files of The American Stud Book went Uncle Ben. And now, assuming his suspicion to be true, he found the blood of kings. A California breeder had owned a mare named Marian. Breeding to the great Emperor of Norfolk he had produced Rey Del Rey, and when Norfolk died he had bred her to a stallion of no particular importance, apparently, a horse named Joe Hooker. The result had been a chestnut colt known as Rey Del Sierras. Rey Del Sierras, bred to a mare called Neva W., had produced Sunny Slope, and Sunny Slope had been a sensation.



*At the half Rey Del Robo had worked up on the rail and passed the leader, to thun-*

Ben eighteen thousand dollars before pneumonia carried him off. The following year the mare was barren, the year thereafter she brought forth twins and thereafter, being too old, she gave Uncle Ben no more colts. The experience, however, had set Uncle Ben to thinking, to asking himself what particular strains of greatness in sire and dam accounted for these two speed marvels. He checked back through their pedigrees but was unable to decide, for in the mare's pedigree he found no record of the blood of kings.

Then he had an inspiration. The mare had been bred by "Lucky" Baldwin, who had entrusted his breeding and his breeding records to his manager, a gifted individual who could look at any horse on the Baldwin farm and tell one its breeding. He knew them all as a mother knows her twins, albeit nobody else can recognize one from the other. And when this manager had suddenly died there had been difficulty identifying many of the Baldwin horses, despite the fact that they had all been registered and their physical appearance fully described. Could it be possible that this old mare had been sold to Uncle Ben with the wrong pedigree?

Almost instantly he decided such had been the case—and when he remembered that the mare's color and marking bore a striking resemblance to a very famous Baldwin stallion that was not her sire of record, he was convinced of it. "She's by Rey Del Rey,"

Goosestep, the son of a daughter of Rey Del Rey, Uncle Ben had bought in Canada.

Searching further, Uncle Ben remembered that one of the truly great horses of the English turf, Americus, had been bred in America in 1892. Running down the breeding of Americus he discovered the latter was a half brother of Rey Del Sierras and Emperor of Norfolk out of Marian.

"If my old mare was really a daughter of Rey Del Rey she carried the blood of Marian," Uncle Ben decided. "Marian was the great grand-dam of Goosestep. The Marian blood is what I'm after. If I can get a Marian mare and breed her to Goosestep I'll be doubling the Marian strain with the outcross of Emperor of Norfolk and Joe Hooker. I may not have any luck, but—the Mendelian law is what I've got to bank on and it seldom disappoints."

So Uncle Ben Bannister commenced a search for the mare of his dreams. He ran down six, only to discover that four of them were dead and one of them barren. The sixth was fifteen years old and owned by a breeder in Kentucky. So to Kentucky Uncle Ben journeyed, only to discover on the day of his arrival at that farm



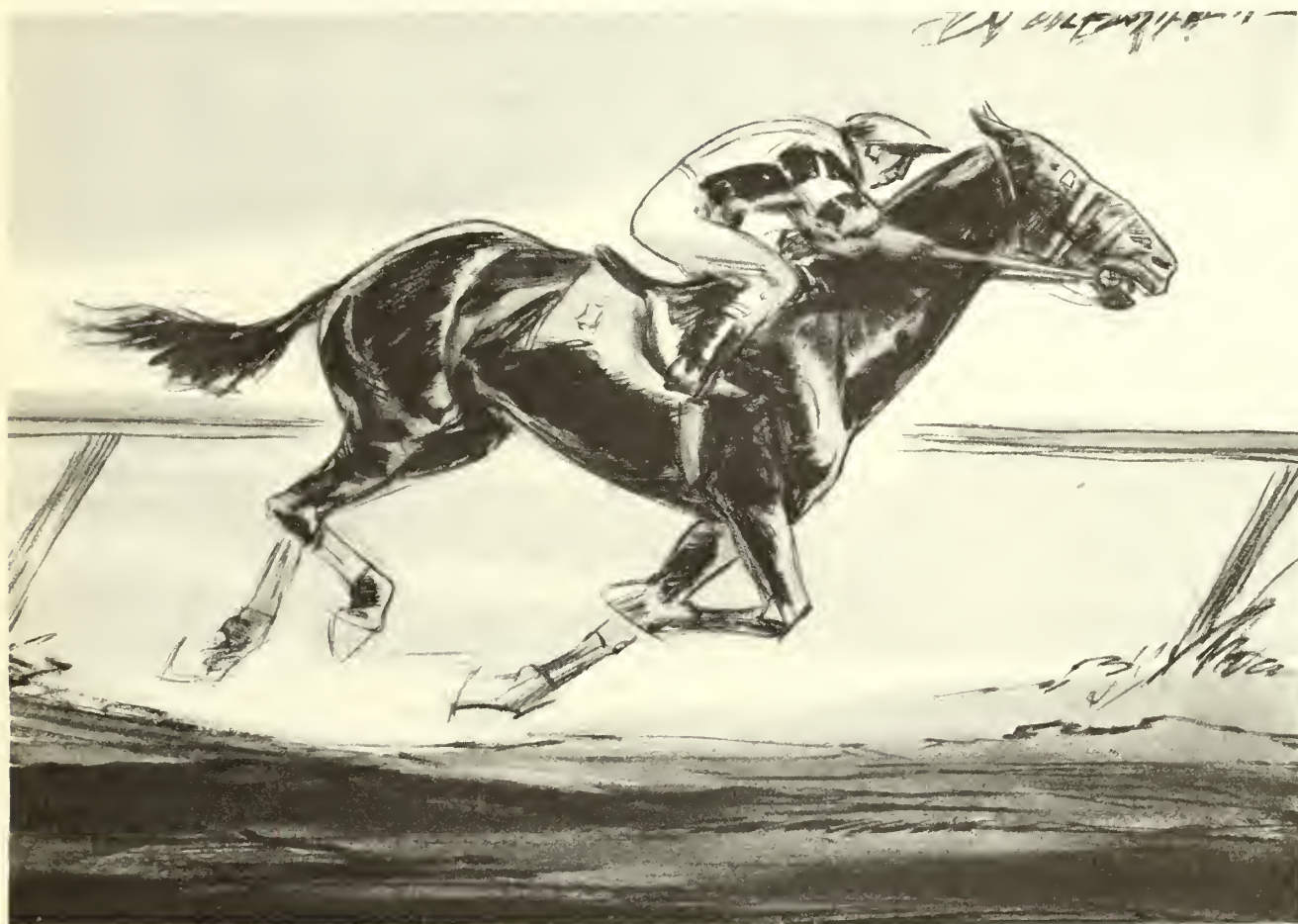
that the mare was not for sale, for two reasons. In the first place she had been a disappointment as a racing animal, so the breeder had given her to his daughter as a saddler and his daughter would not sell her. In the second place she had come down with pneumonia the day previous and the veterinary was certain she would not survive.

Uncle Ben smothered his terrible disappointment and looked at the mare; then he talked with the veterinary, after which he called on the breeder's daughter, Lorna Halliday. "Apparently," said Uncle Ben, "your mare is doomed, Miss Halliday. However, I'm willing to take a chance. I'll give you five hundred dollars for her."

"Why?" the girl demanded.

"Because, if I can pull her through I plan to breed her to a sire

bother with him. He isn't up to date—and I am. Got my experience when I had pneumonia. The new treatment of pneumonia in humans is to apply zinc pads fore and aft on each side of the patient and heat them with electricity, the idea being to raise the temperature around the congested lungs say six or eight degrees. The doctors have discovered that heat therapy works wonders. Then they keep the patient well wrapped up and stimulate his heart action with whiskey and strychnine, knock out the windows to permit plenty of fresh air and trust in God. That's what I'm going to do," and he threw open the doors of the box stall. "What's good for man is good for beast. The mare's in good condition; she's bred in the purple and she ought to have courage enough to help me put up a good fight. I'll try, anyway."



*into third position; at the turn he cut in  
der home a length in advance of his field*

that I happen to own, with the fond hope of producing a real race-horse."

The girl smiled at Uncle Ben. She knew his kind. "You pull her through, Mr. Bannister," she replied, "and I'll sell her to you at your figure. I must exact a promise, however. If she recovers you must never sell her; and if she disappoints you in the foal you must keep her in comfort until she dies—or ship her back to me transportation prepaid."

"Sold!" cried Uncle Ben happily. "Now suppose you help me fight for Maid Marian by running me into town in your motor-car."

So Lorna Halliday motored Uncle Ben to town, where he purchased four large electric pads, which he applied to the sides of the sick mare and hooked the connection up to an electric light socket in the barn. Then he covered the mare with woolen blankets and begged of Lorna a pint of rare old Kentucky Bourbon, which he poured down the mare's throat. When the veterinary called during the afternoon Uncle Ben paid him off and dismissed him.

"I have no confidence in that veterinary," he confided to Lorna. "I've nursed too many horses through pneumonia to

For forty-eight hours Uncle Ben sat up with Maid Marian, taking her temperature every two hours and giving her alternate doses of whiskey and strychnine. "Come on, baby," he kept crooning. "Come on and sweat for Uncle Ben."

Every half hour, for forty-eight hours, he ran his hand under the blankets seeking the longed-for sweat. And when he got it at last he was moved almost to the point of tears. Lorna Halliday, keeping vigil with him most of the time, observed the emotion of the old horse lover.

"Temperature's down two degrees," he exulted. "By gravy, Miss Lorna, we've pulled her through." And he proffered her a grimy old hand.

The girl looked at him with shining eyes. "The mare is yours, Uncle Ben," she replied, "but I don't want your five hundred dollars. It wouldn't be sporty of me to take it—now. You've fought for your ideal in horseflesh and I think you're a rare sport. I give her to you, Uncle Ben."

Uncle Ben smiled happily. "You've helped in the fight, Miss Lorna. I'll accept the mare and thank you more than words can tell, but only on condition that you accept my counter proposition. You've got to have a half interest in the foal. My experiment may not amount to anything, but if it does I want my little partner in on the deal."



Lorna offered her hand to Uncle Ben and they shook on it. A month later Uncle Ben loaded Maid Marian in one end of a padded express car; in the other he placed a cot, blankets, a barrel of water and feed, and together they went back to the Ridgewood Farm in California. On the sixth day of February he gave Goosestep his new bride and on the fourth day of the following January she gave birth to a chestnut colt.

## Illustrations by L.F. Wilford

Maid Marian her life. Fortunately Uncle Ben had a foster-mother handy, a quiet old Percheron, one of a team he worked on the manure spreader, and she had a world of milk.

"I'll clean up with this fellow," Uncle Ben exulted, because the wish was father to the thought. "He'll steal the bookies blind." And he called the colt Rey Del Robo—King of Burglars!

Rey Del Robo flourished even as the green bay tree. At two years of age he weighed eleven hundred pounds. Uncle Ben trained him carefully and tried him out on his own track with a company of fair young sprinters, but discovered nothing remarkable in his performance. Then, after a good rain, he drove all of his horses around the track until it was a vast smear of mud, in which he again tried out Rey Del Robo. Seemingly mud was no obstacle to the hardy big colt.

"I'm afraid he isn't fast enough," Uncle Ben decided, "but I'll try him out a few times in professional company. He might win in the mud."

He did—twice, by a whisker. But he lost four times, so Uncle Ben took him back to the farm and, although a trifle disappointed, he was not hopeless. "I've known two-year-olds that failed to show anything," he wrote Lorna Halliday, "but as three-year-olds they were hard to catch. I have confidence that when Rey Del Robo gets his growth he'll pay the note with interest. He has great stamina—and that's what counts in a stake event. Also he has the disposition of a saint. Never fusses at the barrier and breaks like a shot. He knows what it's all about and gives his best always. We'll see what the future brings forth."

It brought forth a first-class attack of inflammatory rheumatism for Uncle Ben Bannister. He was in hospital during the six months he should have given much valuable time to Rey Del Robo's education and as a result that duty fell to his manager, a capable man and entirely in Uncle Ben's confidence. Nevertheless Uncle Ben worried and suffered, for here was one horse that required his personal attention. Also his business affairs required them in no uncertain way. A couple of investments which his optimistic nature had painted in rosy hues collapsed while he was in hospital and a score of suits for stockholder's liability were filed against him. Simultaneously, a man who held a deed of trust on Ridgewood Farm to secure an overdue note made demand upon him for payment and when he could not meet it, the deed of trust was duly advertised, the man who held it bought the property in at public auction at fifty per cent of the loan, filed the deed for record and entered suit against Uncle Ben for the remainder. Before the old man had fully recovered a deficiency judgment was rendered against him; whereupon the holder of the judgment sued out a writ and attached all of his horses, which were sold by the sheriff to satisfy the judgment.

Uncle Ben was broke. Before the sheriff's sale he wired Lorna Halliday, begging her to raise the money somehow and protect Rey Del Robo at the sale. But Lorna was on her honeymoon in Europe and did not receive his message until too late, so Uncle Ben, with the tears streaming down his kindly old face, was forced to stand by and see Rey Del Robo knocked down to a cattleman from Nevada, who wanted the stallion to cross with some range mares and get good cow horses for his remuda. Uncle Ben

carefully noted the man's name and address and from the bottom of a safe deposit box resurrected a few holy relics—his dead wife's diamonds. The sale of them enabled him to sustain himself modestly for a year; then, once more in good health, he wrote Lorna Halliday and told her what had happened. If he could buy Rey Del Robo back from that cattleman, would she consider advancing the capital necessary for the purchase and training expenses? Rey Del Robo had never had his chance as a three-year-old, although in his private work-outs the manager of Ridgewood Farm had noted a tremendous improvement. All the great three-year-old stakes had been lost to him, of course; hence if he was ever to run again he must appear in open or all-age stakes. Uncle Ben estimated that five thousand dollars would be sufficient, but Lorna was to remember that in advancing this sum she was making a perfectly wild bet. The best Uncle Ben could promise her, provided he could get Rey Del Robo back, was a fair run for her money. He disliked asking a lady for money, but since they were partners . . .

Lorna sent him the five thousand dollars, together with a kindly letter that did much to cheer Uncle Ben's lonely and unhappy heart. To Nevada he went promptly and opened negotiations for the purchase of Rey Del Robo.

"You're out of luck, my friend," the cattleman told him. "Before I even had a chance to get a single colt by that horse he got out of the corral, leaped the pasture fence and went skally-hooting off into the desert with a flock of wild horses. This country's full of them, you know; they're continuously seducing our work stock. So Rey Del Robo's gone. He heard the call o' the wild and vamosed."

"Have you tried to find him?"

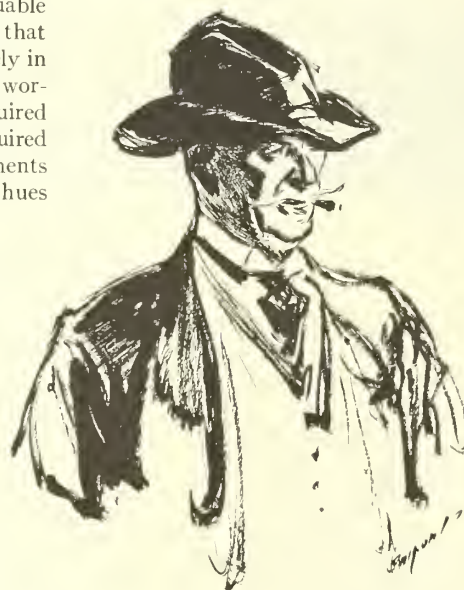
"Of course I have. I've had my boys after him for months, off and on, but a fellow can't let his cow business go to glory for the sake of one horse, so I've quit trying for the present. We've come up with him any number of times, but we can't corner him. That horse can outrun the devil. He has a harem of about fifteen mares, and the best I can hope for is to capture all of his colts in the spring. That's the only way I'll ever get my money back. I've given him up."

"But he's gentle," Uncle Ben quavered. "I bet I could walk right up to him and put a headstall on him. He'd know me."

"He might. But he's disappeared from our range. We might get him next year if he wanders this way again, and if we do I'll communicate with you. None of my boys have seen him or his harem for a month, and to be frank with you, Mr. Bannister, the chances are a thousand to one I'll never get him back. Every cowboy in the country will be after Rey Del Robo, and the first man to put his twine on him will have title to him. He's a wild horse; he's unbranded; it'll be a case of losers weepers, finders keepers. Rey Del Robo's a maverick and he has the whole of western North America to wander in."

Thoroughly crushed, Uncle Ben sent the five thousand dollars back to Lorna Halliday and went to work for the Oro Fina Stables as manager of their breeding farm. Every month, however, he inserted a small advertisement in every Nevada newspaper, describing Rey Del Robo and offering a reward for his capture. There was one mark by which the horse could

be identified positively. As a yearling a pit bull dog at Ridgewood Farm had bitten him on the nose. With the instinct of pit bulls he had held on, seeking to throw the colt. But he had not succeeded. Not in vain had Rey Del Robo been given the size and strength of his famous ancestors. Whirling, he had lifted the pit



*Uncle Ben's idea of a happy life was to breed great horses*





*Rey Del Robo leaped the pasture fence and went skallybooting off into the desert with a flock of wild horses*

bull clear of the ground and swung him in a wide arc, to crash against a tree and have his ribs caved in, killing him instantly. The brute had bitten through the partition of Rey Del Robo's nostrils, however, ripping it through, and while the wound had healed nicely the scar was plainly visible.

After six months of advertising Uncle Ben one day received a telegram from a cowboy in Winnemucca, Nevada. "Roped horse you describe in round-up of wild horses last week, and sold to man named Batson, in Emeryville, California, who buys for slaughter. Your horse not for slaughter, however, as Batson paid me hundred dollars for him."

To the man Batson, in Emeryville, Uncle Ben went immediately. He found Batson to be the proprietor of a neat and sanitary horse abattoir. The flesh of aged, outworn or cheap horses he sold for dog meat, the bones he disposed of to sugar factories, the hoofs to glue factories and the hides—well, the hides were usually worth what he paid for the horses. Horse hides had gone up of late.

Yes, he remembered the horse Uncle Ben sought. He had sold him to a man who had observed Rey Del Robo as the horse was being unloaded from the train. Instantly this stranger had offered two hundred and fifty dollars for him, the offer had been accepted and the man had led the horse away. The man did say, however, that he was certainly going to make some money on

that deal. He planned to sell the horse to some motion-picture cowboy, explaining that the blazed face and white stockings would make him photographically desirable.

"Of course the feller that bought him from me won't sell him for a little while," Batson suggested. "The horse is thin and his hair is long and rough. He'll put the animal in A-1 shape before trying to sell him."

Promptly Uncle Ben spent his next month's salary advertising in motion-picture trade journals for a horse answering the general appearance of Rey Del Robo. He wasted his money. But he was not discouraged. He wrote to the managers of every riding academy in the State, asking if they had at board the horse he described. They had not.

Months passed and hope died in Uncle Ben's heart. Then to the little town adjacent to the stock farm he managed came a motion picture based on General Lew Wallace's great novel "Ben-Hur," and Uncle Ben went to see it. He had seen all sorts of races but never a chariot race. He was mildly curious to see even a fake one.

The film unrolled before his gaze. Then, far down the course, Ben-Hur appeared with four thoroughbreds hitched to his gorgeous chariot. Straight into the eye of the camera he trotted, pulled up his horses and raised his hand in salute to the Roman mob. Uncle Ben started. The off (Continued on page 56)



IN BORROWING ON HIS ADJUSTED SERVICE CERTIFICATE THE EX-SERVICE MAN HAS MERELY BEEN LENDING HIS OWN MONEY TO HIMSELF,

*and*

# *The* WHOLE COUNTRY BENEFITS

*By Ralph T. O'Neil,*  
*National Commander of The American Legion*

IN A recent visit to Washington I was struck by the recurrence of a familiar note in conversations with people in semi-public life as well as with those who knew what was going on in official circles. "Economy" was the watchword. Lop this estimate twenty millions and that estimate ten. Pare eight hundred thousand dollars here and five hundred thousand there. Cut the pattern to fit the cloth and reduce the operating expenses of the Government to coincide, in so far as possible, with its diminished receipts.

Except for the magnitude of the figures I might have been the privileged guest of Mr. and Mrs. John Citizen in an executive session with the family budget book after the youngsters had gone to bed. I might have been sitting in almost any office, store or shop in the country, or at a directors' table of a corporation, large or small. Everywhere wise people are doing the same thing: cutting their pattern to fit the cloth; conserving their resources to tide the lean spell and to get themselves into a position to reap the larger rewards of prosperity which is just as sure to return as the dawn follows the dark. The foundations for some of the great fortunes of the country were laid during the times of economic stress of the last century; and foundations are today being laid for the fortunes of tomorrow.

The worst features of the depression are over. The speculative wave, the hysteria period, the false promises of miraculous overnight recovery: those things are behind us. We have settled down to the careful planning and clear thinking that is bringing us through. Yet, certain misconceptions still linger in many minds.

Many a taxpayer whose eye met the recently published statement of a responsible official of our Government to the effect that the loans to veterans under the amendment to the Adjusted Compensation Act might pass the billion dollar mark has said to himself: "There goes some more of my tax money—into the pockets of the veterans." He cannot be blamed for this inference, which was plainly suggested by the face of the statement. Yet this inference is not founded upon fact. The amendment to the Adjusted Compensation Act has cost and will cost the taxpayers nothing. On the contrary, it will save them \$14,000,000 during the current fiscal year, which is quite a drop in the nation's economy bucket.

Ever since the depression struck, Congress has been considering measures to alleviate the distress of the unemployed, the flood ravaged, the drought stricken. Economists and statesmen agreed no permanent recovery could come until the average man had money with which to buy. One of the plans repeatedly suggested by the business men was to permit the veterans to borrow on their own insurance policies on more liberal terms, thus doing double duty of alleviating the condition of veterans in distress and increasing the buying power of the nation.

In January, 1931, Congress had before it over thirty bills looking toward an increase of such borrowing power or a liberalization of the Adjusted Compensation Law. None of these bills origi-

nated with the Legion. In October preceding, The American Legion at its national convention had been strongly importuned by many members of Congress to make some expression of opinion in the matter. The Convention tabled the question, it being the sense of the delegates that it was for Congress to determine the wisdom of amending the Adjusted Compensation Act, which would be only one item in a widespread program of relief legislation. By January it was evident that Congress intended to pursue the matter, irrespective of The American Legion. The time had come for The Legion to express its opinion, which it did at a meeting of the National Executive Committee at Indianapolis. Without committing itself to any specific bill before Congress and reaffirming the primary interest in the disabled and the dependents of the dead, it endorsed the principle of emergency relief to veterans on the basis of their Adjusted Compensation certificates.

The pending bills ranged all the way from the immediate redemption in cash of the face value of the twenty-year certificates to the lending on application of half of the face value of the certificates. Immediately public hearings were opened by the Ways and Means Committee of the House. The Administration, being opposed to any modification of the law, brought up its heavy artillery. One distinguished individual after another announced that disaster and ruin would inevitably attend a liberalization of the law. This was all curiously reminiscent of the variety of opposition which the Legion was obliged to confront during the four-year fight to obtain the enactment of the original law in 1924. None of those reckless predictions came true. None of the reckless predictions of last January and February have come true, or will come true. On the other hand, the beneficent effects of the amendment are already apparent and ought to be conceded.

**M**ONEY borrowed by veterans has helped pay off mortgages on homes, bolster small business enterprises, and purchase farm equipment, livestock and seed for crops

Despite the dust kicked up by the opposition, it was evident from the start that the sound sentiment of the country favored some liberalization of the law. Out of the discussion a bill emerged incorporating the most conservative of the numerous proposals that had been made before the Legion passed its resolution at Indianapolis—namely, to increase the loan value from 22½ per cent to 50 per cent of the face value of the certificates. The Legion is proud that it was privileged to play an important role in the attainment of this result. As you all know, this bill passed both houses, was vetoed by the President and promptly re-enacted into law over his veto.

Applications for loans piled in and the Veterans Bureau has





*Photograph by Charles Phelps Cushing*

issued weekly statements of the mounting total. As this is written the official quotation is \$1,145,432,753. This figure is misleading, inasmuch as it includes \$285,000,000 that veterans had borrowed on their certificates under the old law. The total of loans under the new law at this writing is \$785,951,603.

The implication and almost universal popular belief that \$1,000,000,000 has been added to the taxpayers' bill is unfounded. The \$285,000,000 of old loans were made from what is known as the Reserve Life Insurance Fund, a neat little nest egg in the custody of the Administrator of Veterans' Affairs amounting to \$513,000,000. That fund was created by you and me and all the rest of us who own government life insurance and pay our premi-

ums from month to month. In other words, veterans' money has been loaned to veterans.

**T**HE new loans, amounting to \$777,000,000, have been made from what is known as the Adjusted Service Certificate Fund. This fund was created by law in 1924 when the Adjusted Compensation Law was passed and by law has been increased \$112,000,000 each year thereafter. Its original purpose was to meet the payment of Adjusted Service Certificates at their maturity. In March the Secretary of the Treasury began to convert the reserve fund into cash to meet the withdrawals by issuing against it and selling to the investing (Continued on page 46)



# Only a CONGRESSMAN

*By Royal C. Johnson*

*Cartoon by John Cassel*

I HAD an opportunity to read in advance of publication an article by Mr. Clarence Budington Kelland which I hope that you read last month in these pages. His topic was "Why I Am Proud of My Country."

Boiled down, he is proud of it because it manages to pull through in spite of what he says Congress can do to put it on the rocks. About the only good word he has for us fellows on Capitol Hill is that we do not succeed in our endeavors. This is manifestly an evidence of sturdiness somewhere. Perhaps the virtue lies in our form of government, which not only stands up under the unlimited manhandling by incompetent public servants that is alleged, but since its adoption in 1787 has served, and still serves, as a model for the reformation of governmental ideas in every part of the world. If this is not the case, possibly it is just the common sense of the American people, who could have made out better without any form of government, but have managed to make the best of their handicap. Mr. Kelland is not so specific as one might wish for, but somewhere along the line his emotions surge with a pride which, although only a Congressman, I trust that I may be permitted to share.

"Of course," he writes, "the primary difficulty is that we fancy we are capable of self-government. Every time I hear statesmen say we would give liberty to the Philippines if only they were able to govern themselves, or each time we land Marines in Haiti or Nicaragua, I find out what a real joke is."

It is too bad that Mr. Kelland did not pass on his joke so we could all laugh. But if he means to imply that the Philippine Islands are not better governed under American administration than before they came under American administration, he disputes Señor Quezon, the leader of the independence movement in the Islands which in so many words rests its case on the progress the Islands have been able to make in the arts of government since 1898. If he means to imply that the Islands are capable of sustaining their independence now he is, in my humble opinion, talking through his hat. On the face of his assertions I cannot believe that his study of the question had gone much farther than the newspaper headlines, though plenty of literature on the subject, the soundness of which I would submit to the judgment of Mr. Kelland,

or anyone, is available. A more likely conjecture would seem to be that the Philippines would not maintain their independence ten years and that grave consequences to world peace would ensue.

I have not been to Nicaragua but I have been to Haiti, and not Port-au-Prince alone but through the hills into nearly every district of the island. Conservatively, nine out of ten of the inhabitants favor our occupation, which has given Haiti the nearest thing to self-government it has ever had. But this majority cannot read or write and the outside world hears the views of the one or two percent who do read and write and who practically all belong to the hitherto ruling class which is now separated from its previous sources of revenue. Naturally they oppose the occupation and in their candid moments at the sidewalk cafés of Port-au-Prince will tell you why.

I have been told by those who have been there that the same condition, in slightly less degree, obtains in Nicaragua; and from personal knowledge of Central America I believe it. I would be surprised to learn that when he wrote his article Mr. Kelland possessed information that would overthrow this belief. What would he have had his public representatives do in the case of Haiti, where French Marines landed first and we had to replace them or see the Monroe Doctrine go by the board?

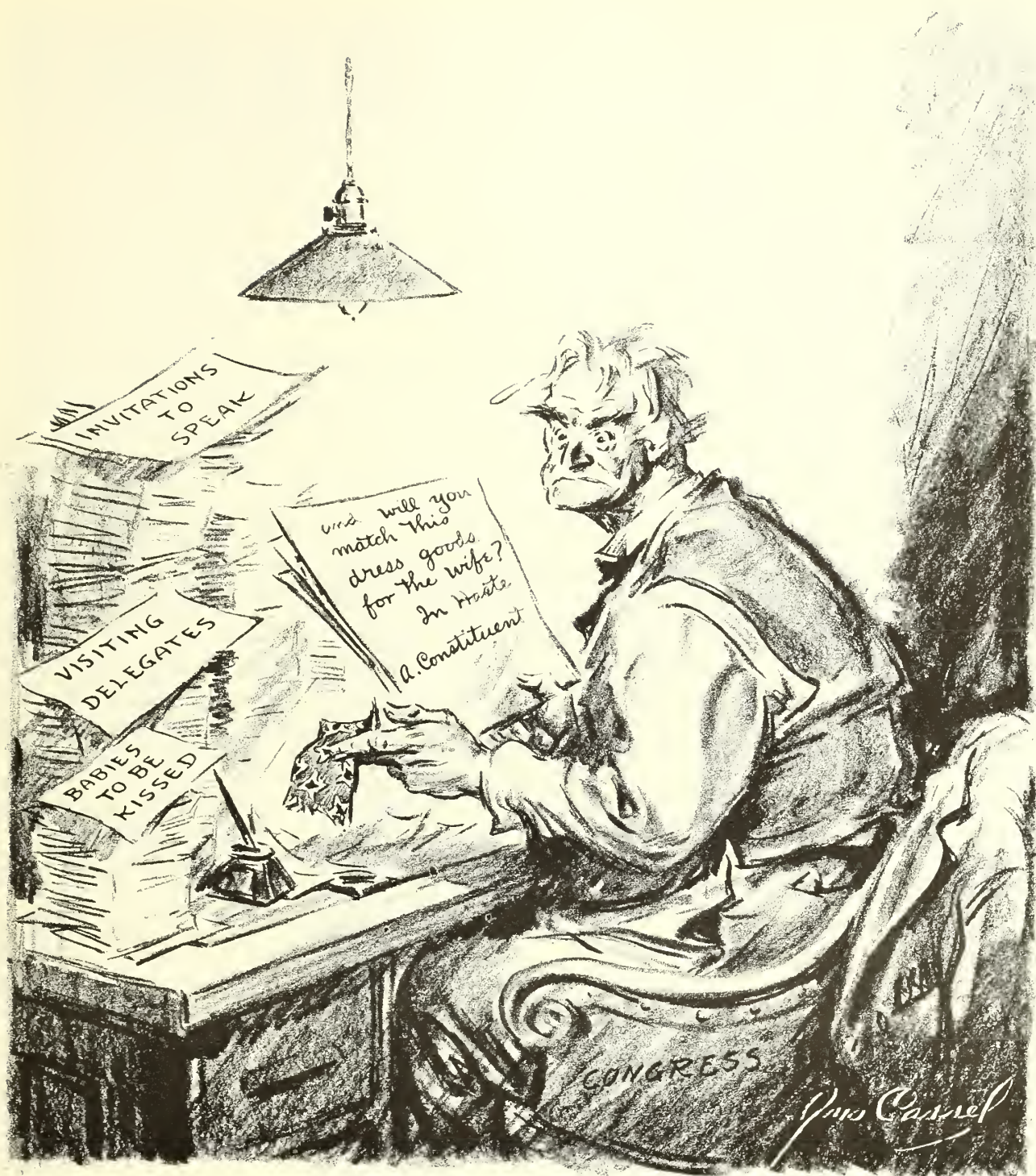
Congress did not institute these occupations, though Mr. Kelland does not make this clear. It would seem to suit his definition of a Congressman: "A Representative is a man who thinks he's got a slick job with a big salary. About ninety percent of them couldn't earn half the salary in any other occupation."

A Congressman's salary is \$10,000 a year, which is not enough to maintain the two domiciles most members must maintain for themselves and families at home and in Washington and to meet the incidental financial demands upon their positions which for volume and variety would surprise the uninformed, including Mr. Kelland. The number of Congressmen who have not earned more outside of public life than in it is small. Ninety percent of Congressmen have outside incomes which are virtually a necessity to make ends meet. In some cases these incomes are the result of investments accumulated by industry or inheritance prior to their entry into public life, and call for the expenditure of little current effort. But with the majority of us this is not the case. The outside money must be currently earned, and I have known more than one member who has impaired his health in the effort.

penditure of little current effort. But with the majority of us this is not the case. The outside money must be currently earned, and I have known more than one member who has impaired his health in the effort.

A Congressman's term is for two years. One election is over just in time to begin thinking about the next one. Suppose a new Congressman were to appear here in Washington and say seriously to himself, "Now let me see. There are any number





*"The most time-consuming part of a Congressman's work is in answering every letter, running every little personal and political errand, responding to speaking invitations, and attending to the wants of visitors to the capital"*

of great public questions—for example, finance, agriculture, immigration, national defense. I shall be modest and try to master only one of them." He makes his choice and goes to work. He might be a very bright man and still spend those two years in continuous and solitary study acquiring a mere foundation for future usefulness. If he should pursue that commendable program do you know what would happen? He would be defeated at the next election. Why? Because he had neglected the most time-consuming and vital (though not to the country) part of a Congressman's work—that of answering every letter, running every little personal and political errand, responding to speaking invitations and social obligations and attending to the wants of visitors to the capital; not to mention the necessity of endeavoring to cast intelligent votes on twenty other public questions out of his line.

Sometimes I think that it might be a good thing for every Congressional district to have two Representatives here, one to master public problems, and one to take care of the extraneous activities of a Congressman which if neglected mean retirement to private life. In effect there are Congressional districts so represented. There are Congressmen who pay their secretaries more than the \$10,000 they themselves receive from the Government. These secretaries, marvels of tact and shrewdness, answer the mail and run the errands—and I have known constituents to ask Congressmen to match dress goods for their wives—while the boss devotes himself to other aspects of a legislator's occupation.

In one paragraph Mr. Kelland says, "From the birth of the Republic we have misgoverned ourselves so industriously" etc., and in another that "once upon a time the (Continued on page 59)



# WOODFELLOWS

## ALL

By Samuel  
Scoville, Jr.

*Tintypes by Lowell L. Balcom*

THAT afternoon I had journeyed to my cabin in a silvery mist of spring rain through which the peach orchards showed a radiant pink and the pear trees were masses of sky-white blossoms. By the time that I had reached the Barrens the air had turned clear and frosty with a quality of luminous gold in it and the evening sky was a blaze of color—cobalt, saffron, vermillion, and flaming gold with a long bar of pure, cool apple-green beneath the crimson globe of the setting sun.

Parking my car by the side of a deserted sand-road, I followed a dim path through scrub-oaks and stunted pitch-pines. Underfoot showed patches of trailing arbutus, pink and white and sweet, and wine-red pixie-moss, starred with tiny, white flowers. Above the silent brown stream the swifts were hawking and a pair of squealing wood-duck flashed through the golden air.

In the dusk on the porch of my cabin I sat for awhile on a squat bench with short, curly legs, a treasure-trove which I had retrieved from Lower Mill. Suddenly from among the sepia shadows on the farther side of the stream floated a plaintive, tremulous call, "Hoo-oo-oo-oo." It was something like the wail of a screech-owl yet with an entirely different quality to the sound. The next morning in the white sand beside the creek, I saw a track like that made by a boy's bare foot, except that the heel was pointed, and I recognized the footprint of Lotor the raccoon, whose call I had heard the night before. His name in the English tongue means "washer" and whatever he eats—frogs, eggs, crawfish, green corn, and even fresh-water clams, he always rinses off in the nearest water, if any is available.

That foot-print on the sand took me back to my boyhood in Stamford, Connecticut, then a village on Long Island Sound, and to the morning when I first visited Rolfe's Woods.

In those golden days there were three enchanted woods on the edge of the town. First came Little

Woods, not half a mile from the vast, rambling house on the edge of the salt marshes where I lived. Then came Big Woods, which required a whole afternoon to do it justice. It was there that I accumulated the twenty-two spotted turtles, the five young gray-squirrels and the three garter snakes which gladdened my home.

Far beyond Big Woods was Rolfe's Woods, which stretched away to Cove Pond. Anything might happen in Rolfe's Woods.

Three of us little boys first visited it along with Boots Lockwood and Buck Thompson, veteran adventurers. In the darkest depths of that forest they showed us some alleged wolf tracks and once when a note strange to us youngsters sounded in the trees far ahead, Buck recognized it instantly as the scream of a man-eating panther. Boots confirmed his diagnosis and showed the reckless bravery of his nature by laughing so heartily at our scared faces that he had to lean against a tree for some time before he could go on. In later years I have heard the same note by a blue jay, a curious coincidence which should have the attention of some of our prominent naturalists.

Finally we came to a tiny clearing with a big chestnut tree in its center. As we neared it Buck gave a yell and pointed overhead and there on a dead limb crouched a gray and grizzled beast. It had a black bar across its face like a mask and was many times larger than a squirrel, the wildest animal which we youngsters had theretofore ever encountered. Boots pronounced the stranger to be a Canada lynx and prepared to climb up and attack it with a club. Our part in the campaign was to encircle the tree and keep him from escaping, in case he preferred to fight on land rather than aloft. Buck warned us all not to let the lynx sink his teeth in our throats, a distressing habit which he advised us was a lynx characteristic.

This masterly plan was somewhat marred by the actions of Robbie Crane. Robbie, as his mother had often said, was a boy of a gentler







nature and higher ideals than the rough crowd with whom he had to associate. After reflecting for a moment on the sanguinary traits of lynxes, he suddenly departed with loud sobbings, nor ever stopped until he reached the safety of the home fires. The rest of us armed ourselves with large sticks and tremblingly grouped ourselves around the tree while Buck, boosted by Boots, started up it.

As he mounted the huge trunk the perfidious lynx disappeared in a deep hole beyond the branch and refused to come out in spite of Buck's best endeavors.

It was years later before I learned that Buck and Boots had deceived us and that their Canada lynx was in reality only a Connecticut coon.

Soon after the first snowfall the raccoon disappears from sight, for he is one of the Seven Sleepers who hibernate until spring, the bear, the bat, the skunk, the woodchuck, the chipmunk and the jumping-mouse being his companions.

One of the few legends of the lost Connecticut Indians which I can remember is that of an old Indian hunter who would appear on my great-grandfather's farm in the depths of winter and go unerringly to one or more coon trees, in the wood-lot, which he would locate by signs unknown to any white hunter. In each tree he would find from four to six fat raccoons, whose fur he would exchange for gunpowder, tobacco, hard cider and other necessities of life.

A friend of mine once watched a little raccoon venture out of the home-nest located in the top of a great gum tree. He walked

carefully headfirst down the tree until he came to a hump in the middle of the trunk. Reaching down for a safe grip beyond it, he lost his hold and with a wail of terror fell headlong into a shallow pool of water at the foot of the tree. At the very first sound of his cry of distress the head of the mother raccoon appeared in the opening, with the three smaller heads of the rest of the family behind her.

Fastening his sharp claws into the bark, the small adventurer began to climb slowly and painfully back up the tree. Although he whimpered as he went his mother left him to shift for himself, evidently realizing that he did not need her help. When he reached the hump in the trunk he stopped and began to cry softly. This was too much even for mother coon's stern ideals of child-training. She moved swiftly down the tree and stopping on the hump fixed her claws firmly into the bark. Stretching far over the edge, she reached down and gripped the little raccoon firmly but gently by the loose skin of his neck and turning around swung him safely up in front of her between her forepaws. Then, urging him on with little pokes from her pointed nose, she convoyed him up the tree toward the den from which three little heads looked down. At times the memory of his grief would come upon the little coon and he would stop and make little soft, sobbing noises. The mother coon would pat him comfortingly with her slim, graceful paws and give him a little nip to urge him on until at last he was safely home again. So ended well, after all, the first journey into the world of any children of that little family. (Continued on page 44)

THE illustrations accompanying Mr. Scoville's article are in a novel medium. All is tin that meets the eye except for a few streaks of solder to lend an antique finish to the cabin door, and the snow in the foreground, which is table salt. Photographs by Lazarnick

# Aviation Is NEWS

By Lauren D. Lyman

*Aviation Editor of The New York Times*

THE New York Times is frequently asked why it carries so many stories about aviation in its columns. The answer is simple. Because aviation is news with a capital N. It has all the elements of good news. In the first place it is new. Then partly because it is new and perhaps more because it carries the thought of daring pioneering it is interesting to almost all the world. From the beginning of heavier-than-air transport that day at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, in December, 1903, when Orville Wright took the air and actually flew in a powered airplane the New York Times has been closely identified with aeronautical progress. Anything that contributes to faster communications and surer communications is of tremendous importance to every human being and anything that is of universal importance is the business of a newspaper. Because aviation was new it was necessary that the utmost care be exercised in discovering the facts and in carefully writing and editing them so that seekers after information need not be deceived. Hence it was customary in the early days of flying for the New York Times to establish its reporters and correspondents in veritable camps at fields where the early birds were trying their wings.

But aviation appealed not only for its value as news to the editors of our newspaper. They realized back in 1903 that once man left the earth for the path of the birds the whole transportation structure of our community life was liable to change. Each new step in science and the mechanical arts has had tremendous effects on human life both in peace and war and transportation changes perhaps more than other steps of evolution have immediate, almost dramatic, effect.



*"Each new step in science and the mechanical arts has had tremendous effects on human life both in peace and war"*

A little more than a hundred years ago an engineer drove a locomotive the eighteen miles between Albany and Schenectady at sixty miles an hour. That day's performance marked the change of the United States from a small republic hanging to the lakes and rivers of the East and the Atlantic seacoast into a nation that stretches from coast to coast. Today Russia, which is still pioneer country for efficient railroads, is where she is because transportation was never developed. Mechanized ocean bottoms keep intact the British Empire, opened the doors of Japan and China and the Far East, and made the United States perforce the deciding factor in the World War and the most powerful nation in the world.

Now comes aviation. The editors of the New York Times recognized it during the early days not as merely a nine days' wonder, or something new for daredevils, not merely as an agent in military affairs but as transportation. To the Times it meant also a broadening of the sphere of influence of the paper. It opened the national field to a paper that was already a national institution, in a way that no other agency of transportation could. Now it is possible to place today's paper on the newsstands of the big cities all the way from Montreal to St. Louis as well as from Florida to Chicago on the day of publication and in San Francisco and Los Angeles within the following twenty-four hours.

That was not so twenty-one years ago when the Times first sponsored an airplane flight, but those who guided the destinies of the paper then realized something of the possibilities of aviation and recognized that every intelligent man and woman and every wide-awake boy and girl in the whole country was interested. They





knew that as this new speed of travel which is the one great attribute of flying was to affect the task of spreading the news it would certainly enter into every other activity of a civilized community.

Thus, when the United States Army finally decided to buy a flying machine and named Fort Myer, Virginia, for the tests of competitors for the contract the *Times* stationed a man there to report on them. Already Captain Tom Baldwin had been piloting his dirigible balloon slowly back and forth over the army station for days and the correspondents had become staunch adherents of lighter-than-air. For heavier-than-air machines they had an immense curiosity and for the Wright brothers they felt a great respect. That respect was for their daring as much as anything. The airplane was a remarkable invention and no one quite believed in it. Then Orville Wright arrived and reporters gathered around him as he walked across the field toward the little building where his plane was being assembled. One of the correspondents noticed that he carried a strange appliance, something like a miniature windmill, in one hand and asked him what that was.

"That," answered Mr. Wright. "Why that's 'Annie'."  
"Annie," the reporter echoed the remark. "Annie who?"  
"Anemometer," answered the smiling inventor.

That was the first direct inkling the correspondents had of the careful scientific preparations made by the Wright brothers for their flights and it was their first lesson in aerodynamics, the importance of the velocity of the wind, the necessity of exact knowledge of all conditions if one was to fly one of those early machines successfully. It also typified Orville and Wilbur Wright and caused the correspondents to doubt the legend so popular in Washington that the Wrights were merely ingenious mechanics instead of painstaking research engineers and great scientists.

As a matter of record it was the press and stories in newspapers rather than their fellow scientists that brought recognition to the Wrights even after they were famous as the builders of the first mechanically powered plane to fly with a pilot on board. But in the romance of flight, the culmination of man's dream since that shadowy age before the written word and the wonder of "taking the wings of the morning" and "rising like a bird in the air" the

science of flight was lost from sight and only recently has it come to have popular recognition. Air foils, pounds per square foot of wing surface and horsepower, parasite resistance, the relation between lift and drag, angles of flight and angles of incidence and the countless other phrases and terms used by the engineers at first are a part of our language today and while their meaning is not plain to the average adult the grammar and high school boy knows all about them.

These scientific things are news also but not the striking and dramatic news that the stories of great achievement in the air have been. The *Times* seeks to print accurately the contemporary history of the scientific growth of aeronautics while recording for its readers all of the drama of flight as it occurs. In addition to this daily record of what transpires in the air, there are stories in which the paper has been directly interested. The first of these was Walter Wellman's attempt in 1910 to fly across the Atlantic in a dirigible. Wellman, backed by the *New York Times*, the *London Telegraph* and the *Chicago Record-Herald*, flew a thousand miles east over the Atlantic but was forced down by a gale and rescued. The attempt was a failure in one sense but a great success nevertheless for it centered attention on the achievement of what had hitherto been regarded as an impossible feat.

At Friedrichshafen, on the shores of Lake Constance, Count Zeppelin was busy and successfully busy with his rigid airships and Wellman's story as told through the *Times* and the papers associated with it informed the world that there was something very real for people in these queer cigar-shaped balloons.

Nineteen-ten was a great year in the air. In January Latham climbed in France to 3,281 feet, and five days later Paulhan added another thousand feet to the record. On January 19th something ominously prophetic happened—Paulhan demonstrated bombing from a plane!

In this country the first aeronautical event of significance that year took place on May 29th. Glenn H. Curtiss flew from Albany to New York City in two hours, forty-six minutes. His flight was sponsored by the Pulitzers but the (Continued on page 42)



## Annual Convention Forecast





(1931 Model) by Wallgren

AUGUST, 1931





# PUTTING ORDER

**W**ERE you ever engaged in a law suit, either as the party who brought it or the one against whom it was brought? The average citizen will have one law suit in the course of his life. After he has had the experience he will agree, probably, with other average citizens in declaring that he doesn't want another, regardless of whether he was winner or loser in his first contest. There are still a few people who make litigation their favorite indoor sport. But most, after one experience, stay away from courts and law suits if they can.

Why should the public regard the legal process so unfavorably? The law is supposed to protect people in their rights of person and property: judges, jurymen, lawyers, clerks, court criers and all the other officials engaged in operating the legal machinery are there to aid those who need help to get the rights that rules of law give them. We have law books and lawyers by the thousands, courts by the hundreds. Yet no one, even the lawyer or the judge, is satisfied with results accomplished.

We get nowhere in seeking to answer a question like this by glib wholesale condemnation of judges and lawyers, which is the answer occasionally given. Lawyers and judges are human beings like all the rest of us. Their degrees of honesty and competency vary just as such qualities vary among laymen. The general average as to both is higher than the ordinary "mine run" of humanity. Those who wish to enter the legal profession are compelled almost everywhere to give evidence both of technical competency and good moral character before they can get in. While these requirements are not as strict in most States as they ought to be, they do make admission to the law a prize to be won, not a privilege to be enjoyed by all who desire it. We know, too, both from general knowledge and personal acquaintance, that men of the law, both past and present, have been and are highly

**L**EGAL processes and precedents are including lawyers. The average School, University of Pennsylvania, will life. Dean Goodrich is adviser on American Law Institute, which is restating in an accurate and orderly in the accumulated mass of

respected citizens in every community and leaders in its political and civic affairs. Their record as a whole has been too good to be seriously affected by the occasional black sheep.

We shall come closer to understanding part of the feeling of dissatisfaction about the law and its machinery if we consider a little more fully the work that courts perform. A court is primarily an agency for settling disputes. If everyone were at all times sweetly reasonable we should still have need for rules of law, but we should have little need for courts. But we are not sweetly reasonable; some of us never are, others only part of the time. A court provides a place where parties may take their disputes for a fair and impartial adjustment.

The settlement of a dispute involves two operations. One is to find out just what the facts are. The other is to decide what, upon those facts, the solution ought to be. This process is not peculiar to law and courts: it takes place in hundreds of school rooms and hundreds of homes every day. Frequently the right answer to the problem to be settled is not hard to find if the facts can be determined. A baseball game provides a familiar instance. If the runner who has hit the pitched ball reaches first base before the ball thrown by the shortstop to the first baseman





Photograph by N. Lazarnick

# *into* LAW *By Herbert F. Goodrich*

pretty mysterious things to most of us—citizen, says Dean Goodrich of the Law have one law suit in the course of his professional and public relations to the engaged in the monumental task of manner the rules and principles found American court decisions

gets there, no one of the players would deny that he is safe. The rules so provide. But whether, in a particular instance, ball or runner won the race may be the subject of hot dispute. Runner and baseman may hold radically different opinions upon the point, and each be entirely honest in his opinion. If the decision is close the one against whom it is made will feel aggrieved, the depth of his grievance depending upon its importance in the particular game. And the unpopularity of the umpire, who has to be the fact finder, has long been celebrated in song and story.

A large part of the time of courts is spent in deciding disputes about facts. Occasionally there is a controversy where the sole issue is the rule of law applicable, but there are hundreds of law suits where the legal rule which governs will be clear once the facts are settled. Take a common kind of case that happens on our highways every day in the year. A man is hurt in an automobile smash-up. He says the car that hit him was going dangerously fast, that its driver was not watching the road, that he himself was using the greatest care but was struck nevertheless, and that he is permanently injured. The opponent declares that his own driving was exceedingly careful, that the injured man's own carelessness caused his injury and that the so-called injuries are

mere trifles. This is a typical negligence case: hundreds of them are tried each year. The parties tell conflicting stories: so do their witnesses. Human memories are faulty; powers of observation vary. Much of the conflict of testimony may be entirely honest. To add to the difficulties, lying is not unknown.

In the trial of a case a decision on the facts must be made for one side or the other. Whether a judge or a jury makes it does not, for our discussion, matter. Whoever makes the decision is in for some hard feeling from the person against whom he decides. No one likes to have another's story believed and his own rejected. Necessarily there will be at least one disappointed party in every law suit. A court, like a baseball umpire, is always going to come in for a certain amount of disfavor.

This inevitable unpopularity is only a partial explanation of the dissatisfaction people feel about the law and its working. It has always existed; it will continue to be a factor so long as we have laws and courts. But there are other things which make the law and its courts less effective agencies for justice than they should be. Lawyers should take the lead in finding out what they are—for this is a technical undertaking, at least in part. But the public, which eventually pays the bills, is surely interested in both the problems and their attempted solution. Let us outline briefly one or two of the defects in the present scheme of things and the measures that are being taken for improvement. Defects there certainly are; every fair minded member of the legal profession will admit that. But it is also true that never before has the profession been so conscious of the existence of imperfections, so frank in admitting them and so earnest in endeavors for improvement. To get the picture either of defects or remedies we shall have to look a little closer into the divisions of the law, and notice, though in broadest outlines, its method of growth.

A few moments ago the distinction was (Continued on page 62)



# FOLLOW *the* LEADER

*By Orland Kay Armstrong*

**Y**OU have to go over the mountains to get to Jamestown, Tennessee, but it's worth the trip! You follow a paved highway, dipping and curving in delightful and picturesque fashion over those rugged hills, and you see neat road signs all along announcing "Alvin C. York Highway."

Sergeant York's first big job when he got back from overseas was to build that highway, connecting with the main arteries of travel east and west through Tennessee, so that better educational advantages would have a chance to come in and spread about among the people of his own native hills. Then he began building a school—to teach agriculture and a lot of other subjects far beyond those that York himself ever had an opportunity to study.

Against big odds Sergeant York has plugged away at raising the money for his school. In early 1928 he began the first building. In the fall of that year the doors were opened and more than a hundred students came in to enrol. For three years the necessary equipment has been added—laboratory pieces, pianos, books and the like. And this last spring of 1931 found the first graduating class going proudly out with fully approved diplomas. The Alvin C. York Institute has passed its first milestone in its long swing down the years to bring education to the young folk of Fentress County and outlying districts in eastern Tennessee.

Go in through a grove of stately pine trees on the edge of Jamestown, and enter the trim, two-story brick Institute building. The door on the right in the hallway leads into the "president's office." No sign on it—that would look too formal, and everybody knows that's York's office, anyhow. Just push the door

open and go in. There you find York sitting before a big brown desk. His solid, bulky frame fills up a chair. He's most likely not dressed as you'd expect a college president to be. York lives on his farm seven miles out from Jamestown, and he's got a lot of chores to do before he comes in to transact the day's work at the Institute office. He's got on corduroy trousers, stuffed into lace boots, an army shirt, sweater and very serviceable coat. A slouch felt hat apparently tries to hold in place a mop of shaggy brown hair.

Sergeant York looks up, his blue eyes twinkle, and he greets you in true mountaineer fashion.

"Glad you come! Sure—sure—we'll show you all over the school. And when you've seen this Institute—you ain't seen all of it! No—siree. You must see the elementary school. Here—"

**H**E BRISKLY arranges for a faculty member to act as escort through the building—"and tell him what each room is for!"

That done, he'll likely hustle you out the front door.

"Wouldn't hurry you none," he apologizes, "but it's nearly time for the elementary school to be out. Want to show you the kids. Want you to see 'em comin' out the door. They're the youngsters that's a-growin' up and comin' on over to this Institute!"

You go with him over to the up-to-date brick school building, driving in a Ford car (that its well-known manufacturer sent the hero of the Argonne long enough ago that it's got its fourth set of license plates) and wait expectantly with him beside the front door, over which is a sign which says "York Elementary School."



## CARRYING ON

*The Alvin C. York Institute at Jamestown, Tennessee, is bringing education of a practical sort to Sergeant York's people of eastern Tennessee. The first class was recently graduated*



## FRIENDS AND NEIGHBORS

*Sturdy types of the section served by the York educational experiment. They know the sergeant and they believe in him*



A couple of hundred yards away, in significant contrast to the new, modern building, is a small, decaying wooden structure, the old schoolhouse.

"That old building is all the school we used to have here," he says, with a wave of his arm in the direction of the ruin. "And now—look at this! And we're just in time. Watch 'em come out. Hundreds of kids. All in school!"

They file out. Eight grades of them. The smallest tots first, and on up to the higher grades; in two files of bright-faced boys and girls they come. York has an idea discipline is one of the most important lessons to learn, in school or out of it, so he has prevailed upon the teachers to march out with their pupils and keep the lines intact until they reach the highway. He stands there by his muddy Ford, proudly surveying the marching line streaming out from the building.

"Howdy, Alvin!" calls a small girl, waving a chubby hand.

"Howdy, Mary!" he calls back to her.

"Hey, Sergeant York!" "Hey there, Alvin!" greets one after another of the boys and girls.

York grins all over his face, and his eyes dance. When the eighth grade has passed in review, and the line stretches from the doorway clear to the highway, he turns in triumph.

"I like these kids! Kids from the mountains all around here. They're gettin' a chance I didn't have. About 350 of 'em in the grades. And just a few years ago only about eight in the whole school, with a few high school pupils among 'em. It's all a part of the plan to bring as good education to the children of Fentress County as they have anywhere in the land."

It is a far cry of progress from the days when Alvin York, a boy in a crowded log-cabin family near Pall Mall, got his

meager book learning. All put together his schooling would have amounted to about the third grade. He never left his native neighborhood until called before the army examining board. The country was still so isolated when York got back from the war that it took three days to make Nashville in a car—five hours' trip now—for anyone who had business that far away, which was seldom. Today the pupils are brought to the school in buses, over a radius of seven miles. They have the advantage of eight well-equipped grades. They go on over to the Institute to enter a fully approved high school.

The Institute building is of latest collegiate design, with about twenty classrooms. It stands in the shape of a T, with the extension housing a large auditorium, equipped with a stage, piano and moving picture machine. The building is surrounded by a tract of 400 acres, which will be developed as farm units by the students at the school. The whole cost has run well over

\$100,000, of which the State of Tennessee gave \$50,000. A liberal sum was raised by the county. The rest has been raised mostly by the dogged persistence of Sergeant York, firm in his ideal that better educational advantages would make the best contribution of his life to his community and State.

In his project Sergeant York has had the enthusiastic support of the Tennessee Department of The American Legion. The Institute was made a project officially of the Department, and substantial aid came in from posts all over the State.

By special resolution the Legion, in its eighth annual convention in October, 1926, indorsed the Alvin C. York Institute and strongly commended York's unselfish efforts in establishing the school.

General John J. Pershing recently wrote York: "It is (Continued on page 61)



*Institute material: A mountain family at home*





# THE MAN BEHIND THE DESK

*Backing up Pershing in his fight for an integral American army, overseeing the training of the troops destined for the A. E. F., keeping a watchful eye on industrial output necessary to win the war, Secretary Baker's day at his office in the War Department more often than not stretched into an eighteen-hour period during the trying days of 1918*

# When MR. BAKER MADE WAR

*By Frederick Palmer*

THE journey was made very rapidly," Baker wrote to Bliss, "as we left the French port on Monday afternoon and arrived at the American port at eight o'clock Tuesday morning, making about seven and a half days of it, but I have never seen anything so long and continuously dark as the ship"—to obscure it from observation by the German submarines, of course.

There was suspense for him on the way across the Atlantic as acute as that of the first German offensive. He was receiving the bulletins of the second German offensive, the battle of the Lys, against the British in the Flanders area whose progress at the outset had been as sensationally successful as that of the first. It is interesting here to refer to a letter which General Bliss, our representative on the Supreme War Council, began to Baker on April 10th, which was continued in postscripts before the departure of the courier to Washington. On the 11th Haig, the British Commander-in-Chief, issued his call, "Every position must be held to the last man; there must be no retirement. With our backs to the wall, and believing in the justice of our cause, each one of us must fight to the end."

It was touch and go lest the British army be driven back in siege on its bases at Boulogne and Calais under the enemy's

shells. If the Allies had had to wait in the April crisis to establish unified command as they had in the March crisis, it might indeed have come too late.

On the evening of the 11th Haig was appealing to Foch to send French divisions to the battle area, in addition to all the British reserves that could be mustered. At six P.M. on the 11th Bliss reported that Foch was telephoning to him and Pershing, asking for his concurrence and Pershing's before he submitted our First Division, then between Amiens and Paris, to battle. Was the First ready to go? Was it at Foch's complete disposition? Foch understood that General Bullard, the division commander, was ill, and he desired to know if another commander would be designated. Foch would be sure the high command of the division was familiar with the troops and conditions in the division before it went into action. Bliss telephoned Foch that he had telegraphed Pershing, who was in sole charge of the disposition of the American Army, to communicate direct with Foch.

The next day, the 12th, at noon Bliss recorded that he had just received another urgent message from Foch saying that he had heard nothing from Pershing in answer to his message of the previous evening and begging Bliss to get an immediate answer. Bliss telegraphed again to Pershing, but was uncertain whether





*A vital force in America's part in winning the war was General Peyton C. March, Chief of Staff, United States Army, from March 4, 1918. March's language was brusque, but there was no mistaking his meaning. He got results*

either of the messages would reach Pershing, who at that time was occupied in bringing up another American division to relieve the French in the Lorraine sector.

At 3.30 P.M. on the 12th Bliss received a copy of a message from Pershing to Foch in which Pershing said that the First Division was carrying out a brief program of practice in open warfare and that Bullard, who had been temporarily incapacitated, was on his way back to his command.

"Upon his arrival and upon the completion of the brief program of instruction in open warfare, there is no reason why this division should not take its place actively wherever you desire to place it. In case you consider it urgent, division can go in at once."

After the crisis of the second German offensive was over, the First

was sent into the Cantigny sector where it was to make rather than resist an offensive. No American division was to face one of the great German offensives until the Second Division was hastened in back of Château Thierry on the Paris road against the third.

UPON Baker's return to his desk there was a new occupant of the room on the right. Major General Peyton C. March was now Chief of Staff in place of Biddle. Baker had asked for him six months ago as the young man of positive, decisive character and abundant energy to succeed Bliss when Bliss was sent to the Supreme War Council. Pershing had favored Biddle, whom Baker had accepted. If March were the man Baker had judged him to be from watching his work in the War Department in 1916, then it was most unfortunate for our effort at home and abroad that Pershing had been so loath to part with him, but fortunately he arrived before the first German offensive began and before the acceleration of our troop movement to France with the aid of British shipping.

March's branch of the service was the light artillery, the field guns that keep close to the infantry, the guns of "Forward the guns!" of old time battle tradition, the mobile guns behind foam-flecked horses that unlimbered with an acrobatic precision to steady a wavering battle

line with the welcome scream of their shells over the infantry's heads. Young Lieutenant March had been chosen to command the famous Astor Battery in the war with Spain. With Pershing, Crowder, Kuhn, Morrison, and other American attachés he had seen great armies in action in the Russo-Japanese War.

I recall a hot day when March and I were climbing a ridge in Manchuria and from the crest we looked down, as from a gallery, upon the battle of Liaoyang on the plain at our feet, while the Japanese pressed their charges. It was the first great battle with artillery of the period. There were more guns in action than Grant and Lee had together; more than twice the number of men in action of both armies at Gettysburg and twice the number of the Wilderness.

"To think that I should live to see this!" said March, as he chose a seat on a rock and glued his glasses to his eyes. To see this—all those guns with their flashes so clearly demarking the line of battle! It was an artilleryist's paradise, a paradise for any professional soldier observer. Long he looked, as immovable as the rock under him.

When March was recalled from France to Washington he had to give up the command of a forming artillery force which was to be ten times as powerful in the Meuse-Argonne as that of both armies at Liaoyang. He would have directed the terrible orchestra from a headquarters well back of the lines; but the old tradition prevailed in the minds of soldiers as well as the public. To be in France was to be at the front. To be at a desk in a headquarters in France and review troops back of the battle lines had the spell of action, and to be at a desk in Washington and review troops in training camps was inaction. Only in the case of the exceptional Regular under forty was it at all essential to his country that he be in France. Unless he was a master of troop movements and of battle tactics his organizing capacity was equally important at home.

There were two great soldier chieftainships, that of the Commander-in-Chief in France and the Chief of Staff. To have the

*General Pershing did not want Major General Leonard Wood in France, and Wood's appeals to Baker and President Wilson for service in the A. E. F. were denied. Wood had trained the 89th Division at Camp Funston and was relieved of his command just before the division was sent overseas. His friends claimed politics was at the bottom of the War Department's action*







*Major General Clarence R. Edwards, commander of the 26th Division, congratulating officers and men of his organization who had been awarded the Croix de Guerre. General Edwards was relieved of command of the division three weeks before the Armistice, after his division had been in France a year, and the ensuing uproar was almost as great as that which followed the War Department's action in the case of General Wood*

best fitted man in the Army for either task was the supreme thing in the assignment of personnel. March was receiving high promotion, but to an irksome and titanic task, as the military co-ordinator of the whole who spoke the language of the soldier to the soldier and to our industrial war leaders. The measure of his service at home would be registered in results in France. There could be no glory for him in success, no cheers as the leader of victory parades.

On the way back his ship passed that of Baker bound for France. When he came to his desk on March 4th the organizer was immediately in action. The spurs were in the flanks of the war steeds of democracy that had been trained to harness. He said that he had not wanted the job, but that now he had it he was going to conduct it according to his own ideas. Those who knew March's strong character knew that he would, while they foresaw that a much larger company of men were now to become familiar with the March personality. Invitations to dinner that awaited March on his arrival were dismissed with the laconic remark through an aide that we were at war and the Chief of Staff had no time for social engagements. The cablegrams from the Chief of Staff to the A.E.F. had a more explicit, definite, and sometimes abrupt tone. They form a documentary line where the March régime began. He gave and wanted definite information "in order to have the greatest co-operation at home and abroad."

Baker was writing to Bliss on April 29th about March: "I find his judgment quick and sure, and he seems to have the ability to inform his judgment by a study of details which is rather rare in so quick a mind." Two strong men, Pershing and March, of such different characters, were now in touch at the ends of the cable, and the part of Baker was how to make the most of their strength in common purpose.

AS A PART of March's program of co-ordination, and one of the results of Baker's trip abroad, March was keeping Pershing informed in bulletins of the state of public opinion at home. As Pershing had to act upon his own so often, it was well that he should know the difficulties of administration at home. On May 14th a cable to the A.E.F. said:

"German propaganda never busier in United States than now. Headquarters said to be in Spain and working to discrediting United States Government in Mexico, Central, South America, where the book 'The Vampire of the Continent' has recently appeared. Germans spending millions of dollars to spread discontent, especially among negroes. Unrest in industrial plants particularly stimulated. Vicious attacks made whenever possible on Wilson and others high in Allied governments. Congress giving enormous aid to authorities dealing with this in passing much debated sedition act, which confers drastic powers. Wilful spreading of false reports, incitement of disloyalty, opposing cause of United States by word or act among things heavily punished, and giving wide scope. Control of mills made still more powerful in the vicinity than heretofore for opposing propaganda of all kinds. Said that the numerous pacifist and obstructive societies having their headquarters in New York are much depressed and think likely they will have to go out of business and in any event see their activities much curtailed."

Baker's own views about alien sedition within our borders had not changed. He would be as severe with the guilty as he was with slackers who posed as conscientious objectors. But the business of the intelligence section was to seek out the offenders, not to incite indifference

or sabotage by too drastic action in doubtful cases which might be more subject to influence when the steel was under a velvet glove. He could hold this view at the same time that he quietly remarked at a meeting of the Council of National Defense, upon his return from France, "The way to win this war is to kill as many Germans as we can as fast as we can." At the same time he was writing to Bliss:

"The spirit of the country seems unusually good, but there is a growing frenzy of suspicion and hostility toward disloyalty. I am afraid we are going to have a good many instances of people roughly treated on very slight evidence of disloyalty. Already a number of men and some women have been 'tarred and feathered,' and a portion of the press is urging with great vehemence more strenuous efforts at detection and punishment. This usually takes the form of advocating 'drum-head courts-martial,' and 'standing up against a wall and shot,' all of which is perhaps none too good for real traitors, but very suggestive of summary discipline



*The success which followed upon the designation of General Foch as supreme commander of the Allies prompted this cartoon in the Baltimore American, entitled "Putting All Their Punch in One Glove"*



to arouse mob spirit which unhappily does not take time to weigh evidence. In Cleveland a few days ago a foreign-looking man got into a street car and taking a seat noticed pasted in the window next to him a Liberty Loan poster, which he immediately tore down, tore into small bits, and stamped under his feet.

"The people in the car surged around him with the demand that he be lynched, when a secret service man showed his badge and placed him under arrest, taking him in a car to the police station, where he was searched and found to have two Liberty Bonds in his pocket and to be a non-English-speaking Pole. When an interpreter was procured it was discovered that the circular which he had destroyed had had on it a picture of the German emperor, which had so infuriated the fellow that he destroyed the circular to show his vehement hatred of the common enemy.

"As he was unable to speak a single word of English he would undoubtedly have been hung but for the intervention and entirely accidental presence of the secret service agent."

The Germans, whom Baker would kill as fast as we could to hasten the end of the war, were in the German army; and he would make fighting soldiers against the enemy of those among us who might normally have blood sympathy with races in the enemy ranks. The draft brought the men in; but their will to combat was something that was not to be impressed upon them, but that they must express.

Parents of foreign birth had their first argument for loyalty in the fact that their sons were in the war sharing its dangers; and the final argument to develop their will to victory was when the lists of casualties began coming in. It was after the third German offensive, after Château Thierry, when our men had made their stand on the Paris road, that Congress strengthened the Espionage Act by the amendment of June 15th to punish the advocacy or practice of sedition in every form.

Probably of more influence than all the disciplinary measures (it was at least the proper complement to them) was the way that we celebrated July 4th, when President Wilson spoke to the country at Mt. Vernon in the spirit of the occasion of a pilgrimage to the tomb of Washington to pledge the country's patriotic faith anew at a patriotic shrine. On that day Americans of the old stock of Pilgrim Fathers, early Virginians, covered-wagon settlers, and forty-niners, yielded the places of honor to the late comers to whom war was their opportunity to prove their faith as members of the national family in good standing.

In a measure, certainly, that day can be considered a triumph for the policy of the ex-mayor of a city where the people of so many races had gath-

*Major General J. Franklin Bell, a senior to Pershing in army service, who did a magnificent job of training the 77th Division but was relieved of his command because of poor physical condition before the division left for overseas*



ered. When we were worrying if we could send men fast enough to hold the Germans in the summer of 1918 we were certain, through the peaceful working of the draft, that we should not lack men if we could get the ships.

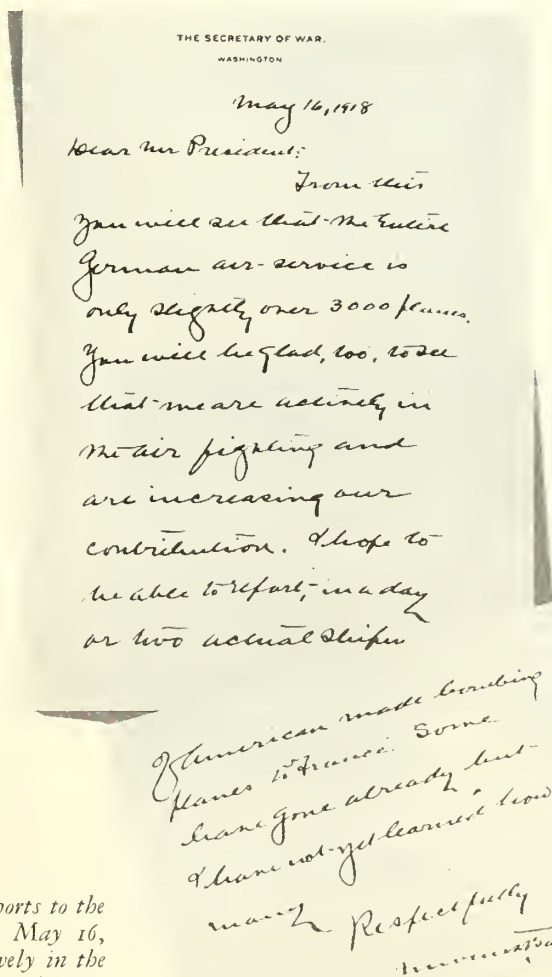
UPON his return to America Baker might also learn how far there had been relief in his absence from the shortage of material which had drawn the fire of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs in December and January; how far the delivery of goods was fulfilling the promise of the great plan. Spring sunshine was now on the side of the War Department, bringing cheer to the men in the Northern cantonments which had settled into the routine of

established soldier cities long past the hammer and shavings stage. There was clothing enough, Senators were hearing no complaints worth airing about health and hospital facilities at the camps, and none about sending our men without arms in their hands to meet the Germans.

"The old controversy as to an adequate supply of rifles is now entirely at rest," Baker was writing, "and there is no longer any question but that we shall be able to supply our forces as we raise them with modern rifles of the best sort." On this score there had been little worry since the adoption of the modified Enfield and the Scott-Lever agreement in the spring of 1917. Even Colonel Harvey said in *Harvey's Weekly* that rifles were at last coming freely from the factories.

"In the same way," Baker wrote to Bliss, "the machine gun controversy seems now to be a thing of the past, since the Browning light gun is already in quantity production and the heavy gun is beginning to be produced from machine tools, and there is a certainty of an adequate supply of these weapons, particularly in view of the fact that we will be accumulating them while our machine gun units are associated with British and French troops, and during such time they will of course have to use the machine guns and ammunition of the armies with which they are placed."

Our Allies, whose gun-producing capacity after three years of war had outrun their supply of man-power,



*The Secretary of War reports to the Commander-in-Chief, on May 16, 1918, that "we are actively in the air fighting and are increasing our contribution"*



# CABLEGRAM.

Received at the War Department

Washington - June 4, 1918.

From Paris.

2:33 P.

6:22 A. M.

To The Adjutant General,  
Washington.

Number 1235. Personal and confidential.

For the Chief of Staff and Secretary of War.

Paragraph 1. Consider military situation very grave. The French line gave way before what was thought to be a secondary attack and the 8 divisions that occupied that front have lost practically all their materiel and a large percentage of their personnel, although actual number of men and guns are yet unknown. The German advance seems to be stopped for the time being. The railroads in the areas they have taken are not available for their use principally because of the destruction of the tunnel at Vauxaillon. As already reported, the infantry of our third division is being used in Lorraine and the 5th along the Marne. Our 2d division entire is fighting northeast of Chateau-Thierry and has done exceedingly well. It is General Foch's plan to take the divisions from behind the British attacking line as needed and use them with French artillery in Lorraine to replace French divisions for the battle.

Paragraph 2. The attitude of the Supreme War Council which has been in session since Saturday is one of depression. The Prime Minister and General Foch appeal most urgently for trained or even untrained men, and notwithstanding my representations that the number of trained infantry in United States would be practically exhausted by the middle of

**CONFIDENTIAL**

*A confidential cablegram from Pershing on June 4, 1918, which shows the Allies still hard pressed and General Foch appealing to America for "trained and even untrained men." A month and a half later the tide turned against Germany*

were prepared to equip us with artillery even if we sent them the three million men that they now wanted from America. Ships to transport the men rather than arming them was the acute problem when the Germans were nearer Paris than they had been since 1914. But Baker found it no pleasant prospect to be dependent upon our Allies for artillery.

Our manufacturers of steel, who came to Washington in their enthusiasm in the spring of 1917, and much more our public failed to realize how long it must take to supply forging facilities for the vast program; how long it takes to prepare to make a gun as well as how long to make it; and the task of the direction of our little Ordnance Department in its sudden expansion had required greater executive ability and imagination than was available, as well as routine expert knowledge. And Congress could not understand, nor could many professional soldiers, that it took longer to make a gun than to drill a soldier in directing its fire. Baker found a "thorough examination of the Ordnance Department in order."

The tank as well as the big gun program was behind the schedule of the optimistic promise of the spring and summer of 1917, based on the conviction that our resources in steel manufacture peculiarly fitted us for the fabrication of tanks, which were the war-offspring of the American caterpillar tractor. The land of mass production would surely excel in the mass production of tanks. Our national pioneering confidence, in the tradition of our national expansion and as the proper complement of our national competence and size, overlooked the fact of the long time it took to make the corporal's guard of primitive tanks which gave the Germans a psychological surprise in the battle of the Somme without performing any marvels in assisting the British infantry and the standardized arms in taking a limited objective, but efficient enough to warrant building sufficient numbers for a more extensive test. The Germans saw that the tanks might have value, but concluded, at the time, that the material and labor for their production might better go into less experimental channels and, anyhow, until they captured a model which they could improve and reproduce. After the first trial of the tanks it was more than a year before the British and French had them in numbers. By the winter of 1917-18 they had incontestably proved their value.

We forgot, too, in our enthusiasm for the mass production of guns, that the facilities in forging, not only of the Krupp in Germany but private makers in France and Britain, and the skilled labor required, were developed under government patronage in filling more than the orders of their own armies and navies by supplying guns to South American and oriental nations. In this market we could not compete, owing to higher production costs. Our naval program was a further drain on our facilities. During thirty-two months, before we entered the war, the Allies were training additional technicians and labor in the making of armament. Yet the British had to wait until the Somme, nearly two years after Britain's entry into the war, before they had sufficient artillery for a great offensive; the French, who had entered the war short of mobile heavy artillery, had waited a year for sufficient 155s; and the Germans had taken many months to build the Big Bertha which bombarded Paris, and longer to build the submarines for their unlimited submarine campaign whose inauguration in February, 1917, had brought us into the war.

But the most serious subject for Baker's attention was aircraft. In approaching this, it must be borne in mind that standardized mass production, which America pioneered in making a world industrial revolution, was as yet in its infancy, and far from the later stage of development which sent the manufacturers of other nations to study it and led Soviet

Russia to call in its experts to direct her colossal Five-Year Plan. Of all things we would apply standardized mass production, in the early period of aviation, to the making of airplanes and airplane engines. We dared a miracle.

I have already written how the public became so impossibly air-minded in June, 1917, and the War Department and Congress responded to its pressure; of our meager air force; our lack of trained aviators; our lack of facilities for manufacture; our backwardness in civil aviation; of how military secrecy had kept from us all information as to details in the rapid development of aviation in the war. In no branch of war had we so much to learn, in none were we so inadequately equipped for production as in the latest



*Major General Thomas H. Barry, another veteran soldier whom ill health robbed of the opportunity for service in France*



and most rapidly changing. In none had controversy raged so acutely as to the merits of the types, when yesterday's approval of one was followed by today's rejection.

Discounting the public talk of one hundred thousand planes, Premier Ribot of France on May 20, 1917, asked us to build two thousand planes a month in the first six months of 1918, when all that France had at the time was seventeen hundred. On July 30, 1918, after three years of war in which these countries had been expanding production resources in countries close to the front the total Allied aerial force was 5,228 airplanes and 164 balloons, and the total German and Austrian aerial force 3,309 planes and 194 balloons.

We appropriated seven hundred million dollars in July, 1917, for the Aircraft Board to carry on the manufacture under the technical direction of the Signal Corps. Our automobile engineers designed the Liberty motor for mass production. If we could produce automobile engines in quantity, why not airplane engines? And if automobile bodies in quantity, why not planes? Twelve years later, despite the progress in mass production, one of the greatest automobile makers in America took over a year, in which his plant was entirely idle, in order to develop and instal the machinery for the mass production of a cheap car, when even that "perfect" car was not expected to fly. We lacked the experienced labor for the fine tooling of European engines. Until we entered the war all the secrets of the rapid progress of aviation in Europe during the war had been kept from us.

The inevitable happened. Suddenly Congress, press and public were asking in the spring of 1918, when the Germans were driving back the Allies in France: "Where are the hundred thousand planes which were to drive the German planes to earth, smother the German trenches with bombs and then blast the German army out of France?" It was reported that there were no American planes yet in France, where it was declared that the Germans (although their planes were outnumbered by the Allies, as we now know) had the mastery of the air; and then the public learned that a report that our first planes were on the way was unfounded. In his news bulletin on May 14, 1918, to Pershing March said:

"Country's indignation over aeroplane situation crystalizing into action. Opinion is divided. Three different investigations will be made. Attorney General ordered by President make one. Senate Military Committee decided conduct its own. House Military Committee examined officials who have carried out plan, and is satisfied Borglum's graft and inefficiency charge untrue. Squier asked for military inquiry."

Pershing's original program was for 672 planes to 100,000 rifles, compared to 374 for the French and 294 for the British. We were to train four thousand aviators a month. Where were we to get the instructors when our number of trained flyers was so small? Training planes must come first in plane production, and there must be flying fields and hangars.

There was not linen enough for wing covering; we had to develop a fine cotton that would take the dope. There was not enough chemicals in sight to make the dope. We had to plant castor beans at home and in the West Indies to make suitable oil. In face of labor troubles we had to send soldiers from Pacific Coast cantonments into the forests of Washington and Oregon to bring out the hearts of great spruce trees and kiln-dry them as the only suitable wood for propellers. This was something the aviators in France had not time to consider, while those soldiers in the forests were doing their bit under government orders and envying their fellows who were being sent "over there."

The Germans had concentrated on definite types of planes.

The Allies were trying to do the same; and America, the latest Ally, was baffled in judgment, as boards sat at G. H. Q. in France over the controversies between types and the improvements and changes in types.

Home factories were working on the Gnome engine when the A. E. F. sent word that it was obsolete and to discard it. We were ready to begin the production of the eight-cylinder Liberty on July 13th when, a month after Pershing's arrival in Paris,



*John D. Ryan, who was appointed by Baker to reorganize the aircraft activities of the nation when it became apparent early in 1918 that virtually no American planes were being shipped overseas. At left, Gutzon Borglum, whose activities laying bare the scandal in our airplane production caused the appointment of Ryan*

he sent a cable calling for a twelve-cylinder which was more difficult of production. So the manufacturers had to start afresh. There was a call from France for the eight-cylinder ten months later.

Between September 4, 1917, and February 9, 1918, the Packard company, in taking the new motor through its growing pains, made over a thousand changes, and the Ford company by March 21, 1918, nearly a thousand. Whereupon Ford wrote that the succession of changes "raises havoc with the morale of our sub-contractors," and "we are going to shut our eyes and produce as we stand equipped today." Meanwhile, aside from the enormous calls of the A. E. F., the Allies were asking to be put down for their share of Liberties. Britain and Italy wanted more by the spring of 1918 than either had planes at the front, the Ordnance Department wanted one thousand for tanks, and the Navy 7,000 for heavy seaplanes.

The Curtiss company's draftsmen had completed their work, material had been collected, organization formed, and they were just beginning construction of the single seater Spad day-scouting and day-bombing machine when the A. E. F. sent word on November 8, 1918, that single seaters (Continued on page 48)



A STATE THAT NATURE BLESSED WITH RUGGED MOUNTAINS  
KEEPS THEM CLOTHED IN FLOWING ROBES OF GREEN



# NEW TREES *for* OLD

AS ONE who has never been there, we picture New Hampshire—that long and narrow State, upstanding on the map—as one mountainous forest, broken here and there by lakes that are blue and green with the reflected beauty of sky and woods.

We are reasonably sure New Hampshire was just that sort of a State originally. When John Mason got his grant between the Merrimac and the Piscataqua in 1622, the land that rolled northward from the seaboard must have been one heaving ocean of green, with mountain peaks showing like barren islands in the rolling verdure. White pine and hemlock and sugar maple, yellow birch and beech and red oak were Nature's gifts to the New Hampshire pioneers who settled among the White Mountains and their foothills.

New Hampshire can't be so very different today, despite three hundred years of forest fires and the cutting of trees. It must be that way or they wouldn't be so zealous in trying to

repair the ravages of fire and loggers by repopulating the upland slopes with pines and other indigenous trees.

When Frank N. Sawyer, Adjutant of the Department of New Hampshire, wrote us from his office in the State House at Concord that New Hampshire Legionnaires had planted young trees on twelve acres of land of the Boy Scout reservation at Gilmanton, it seemed that this was like hauling coals to Newcastle or shipping new automobiles to Detroit. Planting trees in a State already full of trees! An action and an ideal to set up for other States, especially those which had few trees at their beginnings.

"Early this spring," relates Mr. Sawyer, "J. Hamilton Lewis, executive of the Daniel Webster Council of the Boy Scouts and a member of Concord Post, told Bob Irish of Wolfeboro Post, department Americanism officer, of a blow suffered by the Scout reservation. A forest fire had destroyed twelve acres of virgin pine growth at the camp and left an ugly scar on the landscape. 'It will be a



*These New Hampshire Legionnaires planted 10,500 seedling pines in a single day on a Boy Scout reservation to replace trees destroyed by a forest fire*



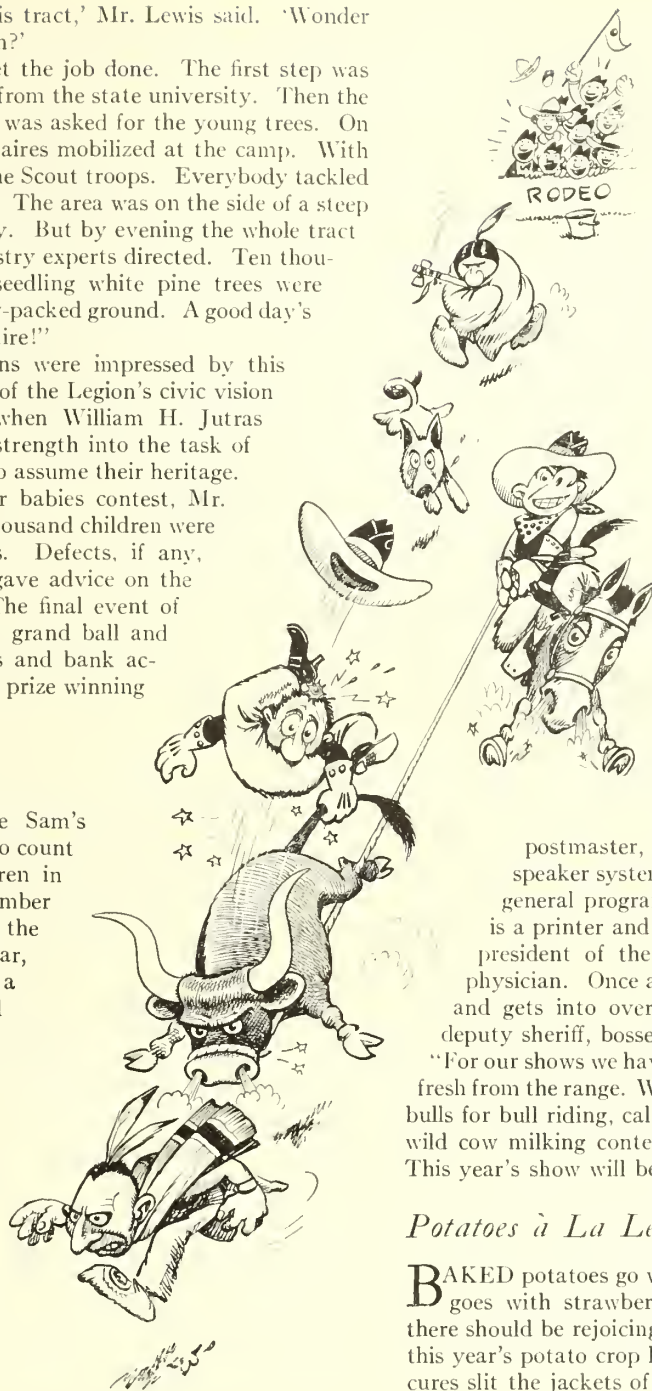
three-year job to replant this tract,' Mr. Lewis said. 'Wonder if the Legion could take it on?'

"Mr. Irish promised to get the job done. The first step was a survey by forestry experts from the state university. Then the state department of forestry was asked for the young trees. On May 3d an army of Legionnaires mobilized at the camp. With them were older boys from the Scout troops. Everybody tackled the job of planting the trees. The area was on the side of a steep hill and the work wasn't easy. But by evening the whole tract had been planted as the forestry experts directed. Ten thousand, five hundred young seedling white pine trees were spreading their roots in newly-packed ground. A good day's work for future New Hampshire!"

If New Hampshire citizens were impressed by this tree-planting as an evidence of the Legion's civic vision they were impressed also when William H. Jutras Post of Manchester put its strength into the task of fitting Manchester's babies to assume their heritage. The post sponsored a better babies contest, Mr. Sawyer reports, in which a thousand children were given physical examinations. Defects, if any, were noted and physicians gave advice on the correction of the defects. The final event of the community effort was a grand ball and review in which loving cups and bank accounts were presented to the prize winning babies.

## Wild Middle West

IT DOESN'T take Uncle Sam's census enumerators long to count the men, women and children in Sidney, Iowa, for they number only one thousand most of the time. On four days each year, however, the town becomes a city of 20,000 or more and has the roar and rush of a gold camp or a mining boom. Into Sidney flock all the colorful characters of the legendary Wild West—cowboys and cowgirls from mountains and plains, Indians, stage-coach drivers, Mexicans. Into Sidney come also carloads of bucking broncos, herds of long-horned steers, assorted bulls and mules, ponies



and calves. Music blares, dust thickens, crowds move through every street. Iowa's Championship Rodeo, owned and operated by Williams-Jobe-Gibson Post of The American Legion, is under way. For eight years the post has given its rodeo. It provides seats at each performance for 15,000 spectators and spends \$30,000 in giving the show. It has to restrict its advertising lest the crowds grow so large that it cannot take care of them. And the directing and managing is all done by the post members. There are no salaried men and no hired promoters. The post gives \$5,000 in prizes.

"We have had some surprises in training our members to do specialized jobs," writes Thomas W. Iiams, Post Adjutant. "For instance, Carl Adle, our schoolhouse janitor, proved to be a genius in selling bleacher seats—making change faster and more accurately than any three bankers. Ted Wightman, grocer, Forrest Hatten, garage mechanic, and Rusty Rogers, our plumber, have a knack of handling crowds diplomatically. Laird, the postmaster, does the announcing on the loud-speaker system. George Gilbert handles the arena and general program. He's an insurance man. Jim Howe is a printer and he handles all our correspondence. The president of the show is Dr. Ralph Lovelady, a staid physician. Once a year—for the rodeo—he chews tobacco, and gets into overalls for the job, too. Alf Christopher, deputy sheriff, bosses traffic. "For our shows we have shipped in carloads of western broncos, fresh from the range. We also import wild cattle for bull-dogging, bulls for bull riding, calves for calf roping and wild cows for the wild cow milking contest. Everything about the show is real. This year's show will be given August 18th to 21st."

## Potatoes à La Legion

BAKED potatoes go with mutton chops as inevitably as cream goes with strawberries and sugar with coffee. Wherefore there should be rejoicing in and about Eveleth, Minnesota, after this year's potato crop has been harvested. When the local epicures slit the jackets of the baked potatoes of the new crop and



*Far from California's wild, wild waves, these intrepid beauties from many cities go wading in a sea of flowers, the patch of zinnias from which came the seeds that Pasadena Post distributed to Legionnaires and posts all over the country*



complete the ceremonial with good Minnesota butter, and salt and pepper from anywhere, they will discover that Nature has been kind indeed. They will be eating a new variety of potato introduced to the Mesaba Range by Eveleth Post of The American Legion and the boys and girls of the 4-H clubs. The post last spring distributed three bushels of seed potatoes of the new variety to each of fifty boys and girls. In a further effort to improve the quality of potatoes the post sponsored a series of lectures on potato growing and other branches of 4-H club work.

Eveleth Legionnaires plan a tour of the farms on which the new variety of potatoes is being grown. They also expect to offer prizes for the best displays of the new potatoes made by boys and girls at the Eveleth Farmers' Day Fair in September.

### Where His Loan Went

WHEN Congress passed the law providing for fifty percent loans on adjusted compensation certificates, Bentley B. Mackay of Nicholson Post in Baton Rouge, Louisiana, said to his wife: "Now we'll remodel our house; we shall add the \$788.50 Uncle Sam will give me to that \$900 we have saved for the fixing-up job and go ahead." Mr. Mackay is agricultural editor for Louisiana State University. The remodeling job had been planned for twelve years, but something had always come up to delay it—"a new baby, an operation, a new car," among other things.

"The remodeling job has been finished," writes Mr. Mackay now. "I have just been figuring out where the \$788.50 went, and I pass along to you the itemized figures because I think they must be typical of loan expenditures by other service men who weren't in desperate need. Look the following list over:

"Bought paint from ex-service man, \$30; employed two painters, service men, \$43.85; one paper hanger, service man, \$16; 185 yards cotton canvas, \$9.25; tacks, paste, etc., \$2.40; wall paper, \$10; plumbing, roughing in, fixtures under house and employing two service men plumbers, \$90; bath tub, lavatory, etc., \$100; wiring house in conduit, wires, etc., \$102; lumber, \$125; two carpenters, \$125; bricks, mortar and cement, \$60, and roofing (addition to old), \$75.

"If my spending of this money contributed anything to the economic upheaval I fail to see it. I borrowed money at a lower rate of interest than I could have obtained it elsewhere. I feel that what I spent contributed



to the stabilizing of many business activities. Every dollar that I spent was spent again and again in my town's business circles and I am sure the whole town benefited."

### One Bell

THE staunch sides and the broad decks of the U. S. S. *Essex* have passed into history, but her ship's bell which tolled the watches for several generations of Uncle Sam's bluejackets is still alive. On meeting nights in the clubrooms of Stephen H. Meuse Post at Essex, Massachusetts, the bell of the old *Essex* rings as youthfully as ever. No sign of weariness or old age in her ancient voice, though she is all that is left of the ship that was pride of the Navy in 1876.

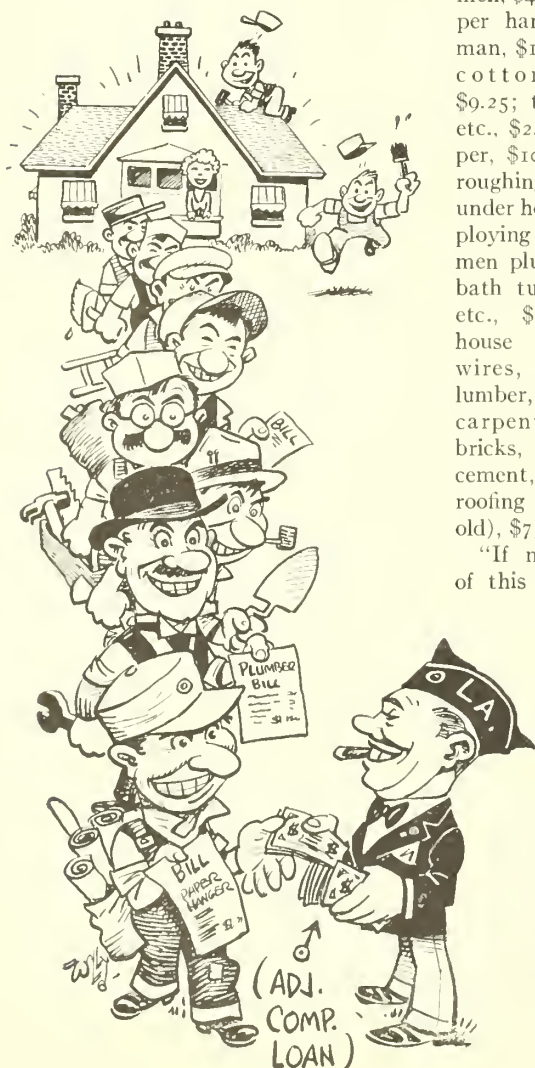
The post at Essex got the old bell a few months ago when the good ship *Essex* went to the scrapyard. A Duluth junk dealer paid \$410 for the ship. When Stephen H. Meuse Post asked for the bell the Legion posts in Duluth surprised their Massachusetts comrades by taking charge of its crating and transportation.

### By the Legion, for the County

THERE is going to be a new courthouse after all in Chaffee County, Colorado, and Ray Lines Post of Salida will have a new home in it. In 1928 Solon E. Duncan, Post Adjutant, relates, the people of Chaffee County voted to move the county seat from Buena Vista to Salida. The result of the election was protested in the district and supreme courts of Colorado but was upheld. But somebody discovered that the county's bonded indebtedness was up to the limit provided by law and bonds for the construction of a new courthouse in Salida could not legally be issued. Then Ray Lines Post came forward and presented The American Legion Plan. Under this plan, the post agreed to issue in its own name bonds amounting to \$100,000, bearing six percent interest, and to supervise construction of the building, if the county would enter into a contract leasing the building from the post for twenty-five years at a monthly rental of \$675. The post agreed to deed the building to the county at the end of the twenty-five years if the post were assured a room indefinitely.

After test suits had established the legality of the plan, the county commissioners entered into a contract with the post. Quickly the post carried out the financing and actual building operations. The outfit expects to complete the building by October—and have it almost completed when Salida entertains the Colorado Department convention in September.

Sterling (Colorado) Post has also provided its city with a public building. Two years ago, through the post's efforts, citizens at an election approved a bond issue of \$150,000 for the erection of an auditorium as a memorial to the 607 men of Logan County who served in the World War. In this building, dedicated in April, the post has its quarters, furnished and equipped without





cost to the post. The auditorium seats 1,700 persons. Every citizen is proud of the building and the post has been given much credit.

## Last Man's Club

THE Last Man's Club of The American Legion in Edgar County, Illinois, has started on its march through the years. One hundred Legionnaires have signed the muster roll and have agreed that, Father Time permitting, they will gather once each year in Paris, the county seat, for the club's annual banquet. They have also agreed to chip in one dollar a year to the club's treasury, which, growing larger year by year as the club itself grows smaller, will presumably contain an impressive sum forty, fifty or sixty years from now.

The club philosophically contemplates its future yearly casualty roll and estimates, from the mortality experience tables of the insurance companies, that several decades will have passed before the club has been reduced to ten members. Whenever that time comes—in 1981 perhaps—the club will divide the treasure equally among the survivors.

W. E. Bogart, Adjutant of Paris Post, reports that the constitution for the club was subscribed to at its first banquet and that the yearly banquets will be made highly ceremonial. The club will not, however, feast its eyes each year upon a bottle of rare burgundy, as did the famous Last Man's Club of Stillwater, Minnesota, composed of Civil War veterans. That club, incidentally, is now down to its last man and the fate of the bottle of burgundy is obscure. One report is that when the bottle was opened by three remaining survivors several years ago it was discovered that the burgundy had turned to vinegar.

## One Gift and Another

WHEN Ernest G. Stillman presented to the town of Cornwall, New York, a fine new hospital, his fellow Legionnaires of Cornwall Post joined with all other townfolk in applauding his public spirit. Seventy miles up from New York City, Cornwall stands on the shore of the Hudson and looks over the Hudson Highlands. The new hospital occupies an especially beautiful site. On the day last spring when the hospital was dedicated, Cornwall Post and its Auxiliary unit showed their appreciation of Mr. Stillman's gift by presenting to the town an ambulance, as bright and new and modern as the hospital it will serve. The post and unit raised funds for the ambulance by giving fairs, dances, plays, and through personal donations.

## As Welcome as Halitosis

AS THIS is written, Ohio has approximately 50,000 members of The American Legion. Department Commander John A. Elden, a Cleveland lawyer and past president of the Ohio Bar Association, gives a goodly part of the credit for this to Susie.

Early this year when the 564 Ohio posts were just getting a start in signing up members Mr. Elden saw Susie—a chattering, scampering monkey, as obnoxious a member of her species as has ever existed. Mr. Elden bought her and presented her to that one of Ohio's eleven districts which was at the tail end of the membership procession.

No rolling-pin-wielding mother-in-law was ever more unpopular than Susie in the Ohio city which became her first temporary home. She was funny only ten minutes to

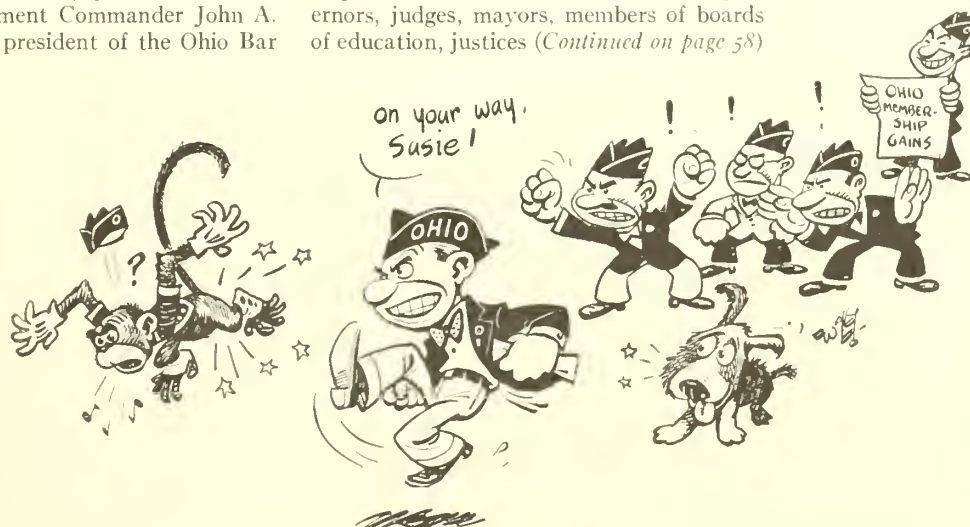


her Legionnaire guardians. After that she was a nuisance. She got on Legion nerves—with her wrinkled simian face, the baleful glint in her snapping eyes and her screeching voice. She had a habit of jumping on the backs of dogs, pulling their tails and tormenting them in other ways. If left alone she screamed and kicked up a fearful rumpus. If taken for a walk she behaved even worse.

Membership in that Ohio district took a surprising jump a few days after Susie arrived. Her evil fame had spread and the town which had her was threatening to pass her along to its neighbors. With relief the once-low district passed Susie along to the lowest district under a new tabulation. After that Susie circulated rapidly. She was tossed from district to district, and nobody wanted her to return after the first visit. If she could have traveled far enough the department's membership would have gone to 100,000, Commander Elden believes.

## Future Leaders

H. G. WELLS wrote a book which proved that bishops become bishops at earliest school ages and that formal election to high churchly office only ratifies Nature's own election made several score years earlier. Perhaps judges, physicians and statesmen also are cast for their life roles in their earliest school years. The West Virginia Department of The American Legion thinks there is something in this theory for it has started a movement to produce in that State better future governors, judges, mayors, members of boards of education, justices (Continued on page 58)





# BASEBALL *on the* HOOF

*An Ex-Air Service Mechanic Recalls the Hazards  
of a Game in England*



*Ground rules apparently were neglected, according to this picture of a baseball game at Grantham Hall, England, in which men of the 85th Aero Squadron participated to celebrate Independence Day in 1918. Notwithstanding the handicap of cows grazing on the diamond, the 85th won the game*

ACCORDING to accepted ground rules of the American national pastime—we old-fashionedly refer to baseball and not golf—a ball which lands in an overflow crowd on the diamond is held to a two-base hit. We wonder, therefore, just what ground rules were adopted when men of the 85th Aero Squadron played a baseball game while celebrating the Fourth of July, 1918, at Grantham Hall, England, where the squadron spent a month in training with the British. The stands and bleachers were missing—the congregated fans sat on the side lines, and a herd of English cows nonchalantly wandered over the diamond during the progress of the game. Even with such a handicap the 85th men came out on the top end of the final score.

Legionnaire P. J. Shepard of Marshfield, Oregon, who sent the picture of the game which appears on this page, comments:

“With the enclosed picture of one of the activities of my outfit, it behooves me to tell how we won the guerre. There may be some exceptions taken to that statement, but the 85th Aero might just as well claim the honor as no two seem to agree on the subject, anyway. At any rate, the 85th walked off with most of the honors at a Field Day held at Grantham Hall, England, to celebrate our national birthday on July 4, 1918. We even won the baseball game with the kind assistance of the bovines which you can see in the picture.

“The 85th Squadron was organized at Scott Field, Illinois, in 1917, most of the personnel being transferred from older squadrons, about twenty of us coming from the old 21st which originated at Kelly Field, Texas. We were then sent to England for training and to help the Limies eat Australian jack-rabbit. But where the rub came is that most all of the enlisted men in our

outfit had been good auto mechanics before enlisting and you can picture the English instructors—men too old or boys too young for fighting duty with the British army—trying to tell first-class American mechanics how to grind valves or tune up a motor.

“After a month or so of that and the regular diet of Australian high-jumpers, tea and jam, we were a happy bunch when we got orders to move to France. Why mention the rough crossing of the Channel on the little ship *Yale*? Don't believe there was a man aboard who was not so sick that he wished the boat would sink and end the misery. Bright and early, however, we landed at Le Havre, a sweet-smelling bunch, as we had been packed on board like sardines. Thence up the long hill to a rest camp, squad tents and more tea and jam. Two days' rest and we entrained supposedly for the front. To our disgust we landed at a flying field at Chaumont for a month or so and then moved up to Bar-le-Duc. I there left the outfit to go to officers' school and to this day have never seen anyone whom I knew in service. Where is the old 85th gang?”

DIG out your May Monthly and cast your eyes on the cartoon of an M. P. which decorated the second page of the Then and





Now spread—page 33, to be exact. A former M. P. has arisen in righteous indignation as a result of that drawing by Wally, who needs no introduction to veterans. As the more-or-less official cartoonist of the A. E. F., his strips appeared in the *Stars and Stripes*, and he has been a regular contributor to the Legion magazine—both Weekly and Monthly.

Since the man in question, James J. Gallagher, failed to give a more detailed address than Philadelphia, causing our letter of explanation to be returned unclaimed, we are letting him take over our microphone and speak his piece:

"What is the idea of printing the enclosed cartoon of an M. P. that looks so tough that he might be a member of 'Legs' Diamond's gang?"

"In 1915 I enlisted in the First Pennsylvania Cavalry and saw service on the Mexican border with this outfit. At our entrance into the World War, it was renumbered the 101st Cavalry, 28th Division, U. S. A., and was later dismounted and disbanded, its members being transferred to other units of the 28th Division. The majority of my troop, however, were sent to Company A, 103d Military Police. We were trained in the use of the rifle, bayonet and pistol and everybody was at least a marksman, in all qualifications of these arms.

"We later went to France with the 28th Division as the 28th Company, Military Police, and served always at the front. We participated in five major offensives—the Oise-Aisne, Aisne-Marne, Champagne-Marne, Meuse-Argonne and the Thiaucourt sector fronting Metz. We suffered in losses five dead, including two commissioned officers, and about forty-five wounded out of a company of 125 men. We were equipped with rifle, pistol, gas mask and steel helmet and I can never remember wearing an M. P. armband in our whole stay in France.

"I am writing this letter as I have been kidded that we had an easy job over there, so ask you to reprint a cartoon of a real front-line divisional military policeman."

We know that all military policemen were not the kind that gummed up a guy's unofficial leave of absence. But Gallagher's letter will enlighten many other A. E. F.ers who failed to gain the same knowledge.

**W**ELL, Gang, here's another "first" bone of contention. Go to it and let's have a final decision from some of the authorities. This particular argument

*Was this stand of colors—the American flag borne by Bayard Kraft and the Red Cross flag by Charles Pancoast, both of Base Hospital No. 10—the first to be carried in this country and overseas by a regularly organized American World War outfit? The picture was taken in Philadelphia, May 18, 1917*

originated in a letter signed merely "Member of Base Ten, Buck Private," which reads this way:

"We had quite an argument the other evening at the post as to when and where the first stand of colors was carried and by whom. I contend that my outfit, Base Hospital No. 10 (Pennsylvania Hospital, Philadelphia) was the first detachment of troops bound overseas to carry colors in this country and abroad.

"We carried colors (en route to entrain at West Philadelphia Station) through the streets of Philadelphia on May 18, 1917. We left New York the following day and the colors were again carried through the streets of Liverpool, England, upon arrival, May 28, 1917. We arrived at Le Havre about the middle of June, 1917, and carried the colors on the march up to Camp No. 2 and again two days later at Le Treport, our base.

"Bayard Kraft of Camden, New Jersey, carried the American flag and Charles Pancoast of Philadelphia carried the Red Cross flag. Both of these men survived the war."

As we were unable to ascertain the identity of "Buck Private," we appealed to Bayard Kraft, mentioned in the anonymous letter, and after introducing himself as a member of Tatem-Shields Post in Collingswood, New Jersey, he enlightened us as follows:

"Base Hospital No. 10 was originally recruited in Philadelphia of Philadelphians with the exception of five or six men who lived in New Jersey. Many of them were either graduates or students of Haverford College and no doubt now belong to Legion posts in the city and the suburbs that surround it. Helen Fairchild Post in Philadelphia is named for a nurse attached to our outfit who died on the







*A stop at Hamilton in the Bermudas was enjoyed by this group of convalescent soldiers while en route home in January, 1919. Among the men are Shoemaker of Iowa, Charles Neal, Johnson of Colorado and H. L. Hofmann. Who and where are the others?*

other side. Evidently 'Buck Private' was one of the original outfit who enlisted May 7, 1917 (154 in all). The information he gives is correct. My wife's birthday is May 17th so I know we left Philadelphia the next day for New York, where we embarked on the S. S. *St. Paul*, which carried also Unit No. 21 from St. Louis, and sailed May 19th. The S. S. *Mongolia*, carrying the Chicago hospital unit, sailed with us and turned back two or three days out when a shell from one of her guns prematurely exploded and killed several people.

"We arrived in Liverpool on a Sunday afternoon, as I recall. From Liverpool we went to Blackpool and remained there a few days and then for an overnight stay at Rest Camp No. 2 at Le Havre, continuing to Le Treport. Our colors were carried in Philadelphia, Liverpool and Blackpool. The St. Louis unit had no colors. I believe there were two units in Blackpool—one of them the Boston, or Harvard, hospital unit and the other probably from Cleveland—which left the day after we arrived. They did not have, as far as I recall, any colors. In fact, we would not have had any if they hadn't been presented to us.

"I believe the Pennsylvania Hospital in Philadelphia still has the original stand of colors which had been presented to us by St. Mary's Guild of Calvary Presbyterian Church."

Kraft then dug up and sent to us the picture of the outfit which we show—a picture which originally appeared in the Philadelphia *North American*, May 19, 1917, depicting the outfit approaching the West Philadelphia Station. In it he identifies Bill McCahan, Fred Farmer, George Bowers, Foster Reeve, 3d, Nathaniel Hathaway and Dan Dooley—the latter having died since discharge.

We know that Base Hospital No. 4 of Cleveland jealously guards its record as the "First Over There," as it sailed from New York on May 8, 1917, landed in England on May 18, 1917, and in France on May 25th—but we do not know if it displayed our national flag. It is up to Base Hospital No. 4 or the Harvard unit to disprove the claims of Base No. 10.

EXCEPT for those A. E. F.-ers who returned home on some of the larger transports in which accommodations were provided for limited numbers

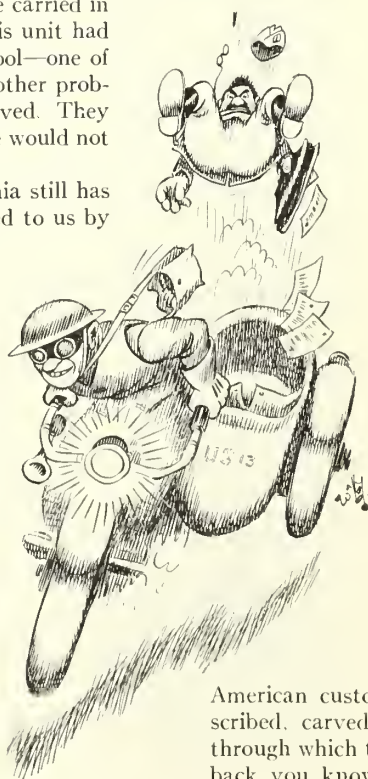
of sick and wounded soldiers, few of the happy home-comers stopped to realize that thousands of their service comrades were returning for protracted stays in hospitals. With the picture on this page we are reminded by H. L. Hofmann of Lake View, Ohio, of the disabled.

The group, of which Hofmann was a member, were sunning themselves on the deck of the hospital ship *Mercy* when she lay in the harbor at Hamilton in the Bermuda Islands. Hofmann joined the 126th Infantry, 32d Division, at Soissons and after a period of rest went with his outfit into the Meuse-Argonne offensive. On October 15, 1918, he was wounded in the vicinity of Romagne (where is now located the largest of the American cemeteries in France), and was a patient in four hospitals until January 6, 1919, when he left Base Hospital No. 88 in Savenay for St. Nazaire and home.

He continues: "We sailed on January 8th on the hospital ship *Mercy*. Our course lay south to get the warm climate but we ran into a good bit of rough weather—this being the reason for stopping at Bermuda for coal. I wonder how many of the boys remember the wireless message telling of the death of Theodore Roosevelt when our ship was a thousand miles off the coast of France? We docked in New York and were taken at once to a hospital in the Greenhut Building.

"I should like to hear from some of the men in the picture and other fellow-patients on that voyage."

PERHAPS American doughboys in the A. E. F. may have failed to leave poetic footprints on the sands of time overseas, but, following an old American custom, apparently they left their names inscribed, carved or otherwise delineated in the countries through which they toured as soldier guests of Uncle Sam back you know when. As an example, E. H. Heitman





of the Legion post in Shreveport, Louisiana, sent us recently a postcard which he had received from Alderman Armstrong of Tynemouth, England, addressed to him at his former home in Nacogdoches, Texas. The postcard, written at Eaux Bonnes, France, May 20, 1930, contained this message:

"On a walk today I came upon the following scratched on a slate of an old shed: 'Earl Heitman, Bakery Co 361 Q M, U S Army St. Sulpice, France, Nacogdoches, Texas.'

"It will be interesting to know if this U. S. soldier returned home safely and is still alive. Card stating the circumstances of his visit would be esteemed."

While Heitman failed to tell us how his name happened to be inscribed on the shed in Eaux Bonnes, we hope that he informed Alderman Armstrong and we can assume that he visited the town while on leave, as it was one of the centers of the Pyrenees Leave Area in southwestern France.

**B**UT We Built the Cars"—the slogan of the 35th Engineers—is well supported by the fact that during the year March, 1918, to March, 1919, this organization assembled 17,106 American-type box, flat and gondola railroad cars. And what a joy it was to A. E. F.-ers to see a real life-size American boxcar roll into view after their intimate knowledge of the toy French type.

Two former railroaders of Company E, 35th Engineers, collaborated in giving us a few facts about the activities of that regiment overseas. To Fred Krahenbuhl of Hamilton, Ohio, we are indebted for the picture of the railroad station-headquarters building of his outfit at La Rochelle, France, and to Walter Budwell of Roanoke, Virginia, we offer thanks for this brief story of some of its activities:

"Company E, with Companies D and F of the 35th Engineers, arrived in France, December 29, 1917, and proceeded to La Rochelle to establish the headquarters, construct barracks, shops, yards, etc., for this car-building regiment, the remaining battalions of which followed overseas during the succeeding six months. Running out of all available material, Company E was temporarily transferred to Bordeaux, assigned to the Chemins de Fer du Midi, and the men put to work in the machine shop, locomotive-erecting shop, blacksmith shop, car and coach shops and roundhouse—wherever their work fitted them. The French marveled at their efficiency and speed.

"In May, 1918, Company E returned to headquarters at La Rochelle. Work on the new passenger station there had been suspended at the outbreak of the war and in and about the structure was located headquarters of the 35th. The first floor was used for the regimental mess hall, kitchens, supply rooms, etc. The other floors were used as barracks for several of the companies. Other buildings were constructed, including barracks, officers' quarters, officers' mess hall, machine shop, power house, material sheds and so on.

"The yards contained some sixteen or eighteen tracks on which cars were constructed and between the tracks the car material was assembled. I have not been successful in getting the actual

number of cars built by the 35th Engineers at La Rochelle but to the best of my knowledge about 20,000 box cars, flat cars and gondolas were produced. These were of American type, and were larger and of greater capacity than any freight cars previously operated in France."

Krahenbuhl was able to supply the exact figures—17,106 railroad cars were constructed for use of the A. E. F. in one year's time.



*Master Etienne Guelin, aged 13, who stowed away on the Buford when she sailed for America and is reported to have been adopted here in 1919. Where is he now?*

**O**UR gallery of wartime boy mascots has had but few additions recently so we were glad to receive the picture of Master Etienne Guelin sent to us by ex-gob Clarence Gerhold of the U. S. S. *Buford*, now of Cairo, Illinois, with the following account and inquiry:

"I am enclosing a picture of Master Etienne Guelin who was thirteen years old at the time the picture was taken. This young man is a Belgian and lived in that country at the time of the

World War. His father, a soldier in the Belgian army, was killed in action, his mother lost her life in an enemy air raid and Etienne, or 'Oscar' as he was commonly called by the sailors, came to make his home on the docks in France. We learned to know him late in 1918 and all the time we were docked he would live on the ship with us. On our next trip he would be waiting for us.

"When we left for our last westward trip the old familiar sight of Etienne waving good bye to us was missing. About three days out, 'Oscar' crawled out of a dark hole below decks on (Continued on page 60)



*The then unfinished railroad station at La Rochelle, France, shown above, served in 1918 as headquarters, barracks and mess hall for the 35th Engineers. The lumber stacked in the yards was used in building some of the 17,106 American boxcars used in the A.E.F.*



# OVER *the* WAVES to the POORHOUSE

By A.B. Bernd

WHAT, if I may ask without seeming impertinent, what have *you* done about your war legacy?

I do not, by that phrase, mean the Iron Cross you bought in the pawn-shop at Hoboken, or the flourishing case of itch that came home with you on the transport, or even—to get down to date—the fifty percent you borrowed on your adjusted compensation certificate. I mean a far more subtle matter, an affair of the spirit—in short, your tragic unrest.

You have heard much about it in the last twelve years. Four million Americans, you (and I) have been told, returned from the conflict with the virus of discontent in their veins. Four million Americans, back from trench and camp, are afflicted with this dread malady of inquietude, tortured by this inevitable legacy of the war.

For years, I confess, the situation troubled me. By all accounts of public speakers and novelists, my soul should have been made rebellious by battle; yet was it? I should have been a seething cauldron of disquiet—yet I felt calm enough. Something had to be done, or all these men were liars.

The course I took was perhaps extravagant—for which I must hold my tragic war legacy of unrest accountable. Or possibly the legacy was not solely to blame. Ever since pictures in *Leslie's Weekly* had stirred a seven-year-old mind with the catastrophe of St. Pierre, I had wanted to see the island of Martinique and its volcano. A month's escape from Amos 'n' Andy, prohibition talk and the great depression, I felt, would be a blessing. So I booked passage on a freighter and sought a map of the regions to which it sailed.

"The Lesser Antilles!" exclaimed the clerk in a New York steamship office. "My God! Where are they?"

With some satisfaction I explained that this string of islands stretched in a 600-mile semi-circle from the eastern end of Porto Rico down to the very coast of South America. They began with the American-owned Virgins at the north and extended, a dotted barrier between Caribbean and Atlantic, to Trinidad, which looked across a gulf to the headlands of Venezuela. The clerk, if he liked, could name them the smaller islands of the West Indies; we who went there—or were about to go—grandly styled them the Lesser Antilles or the Caribbees.

I got a map. I got a ticket. I got an uneasy feeling (that old war legacy again?) when the steamer's agent said:

"The *Haiti* has accommodations for a limited number of passengers, fifteen or twenty. But on this trip you and a Negro man from St. Croix are the only ones booked as far as the Virgin Islands. I'm sure you'll like the ship's officers."

The *Haiti* makes the run from New York to its first stop, St. Thomas, in six days. For the unaccompanied passenger their beginning is reminiscent of his introduction to the army. He finds himself suddenly amid strange surroundings. He feels a sharp break with all of life that has gone before—in forsaking the routine of city life he has donned a figurative khaki, has voluntarily surrendered himself for a space to unknown conditions and unfamiliar faces. A new and vigorous language—that of the sea—succeeds the customary phrases of office and street. He gives up freedom of menu—he must eat the food before him or starve. Even the business of bathing takes on a military atmosphere—for the ritual, aboard the *Haiti*, is to strip down to raincoat and slippers and make a quick dash across decks to the shower.

This rupture with the habits of landlocked life is intensified by the plunging, hollow queasiness that settles at the pit of the casual voyager's stomach, a queasiness which, by the way, is *not* part of the war legacy. Some spots in the Atlantic need repaving; at present they are much too rough for comfort. After I had returned home, a friend gave me the "one guaranteed cure"—when, he said, the traveler feels seasick-ness coming upon him, he should go and sit under a tree.

Yet eventually illness and strangeness both disappear. The sun melts the ice-cascades that, clattering the water-openings of the ship's sides, have given it the appearance of a Gloucester fisherman in the movies. Gulls that have followed three days from New York disappear. Brown splotches of weed that mark the edges of the Sargasso Sea where Beebe explored and Columbus's crew threatened mutiny part before the prow. Food, plentiful, wholesome and clean, takes on zest. The captain becomes a human being, not the ogre-jailer of a rolling prison. The other officers are friendly, solicitous; they play rummy, sit and talk endlessly about the woes of the world, produce books from the ship's library, prove their familiarity with sea literature by spontaneously calling the captain "the Old Man," the radio operator "Sparks," the first engineer "the Chief," by evoking such colorful phrases as "getting logged" and "betting the next pay-day," by emitting that gorgeous flower of profanity which is expected of them. They are all real sailors, make no mistake about it.

And then comes laziness. I wonder why no passenger line has ever capitalized laziness in its advertisements. We turn

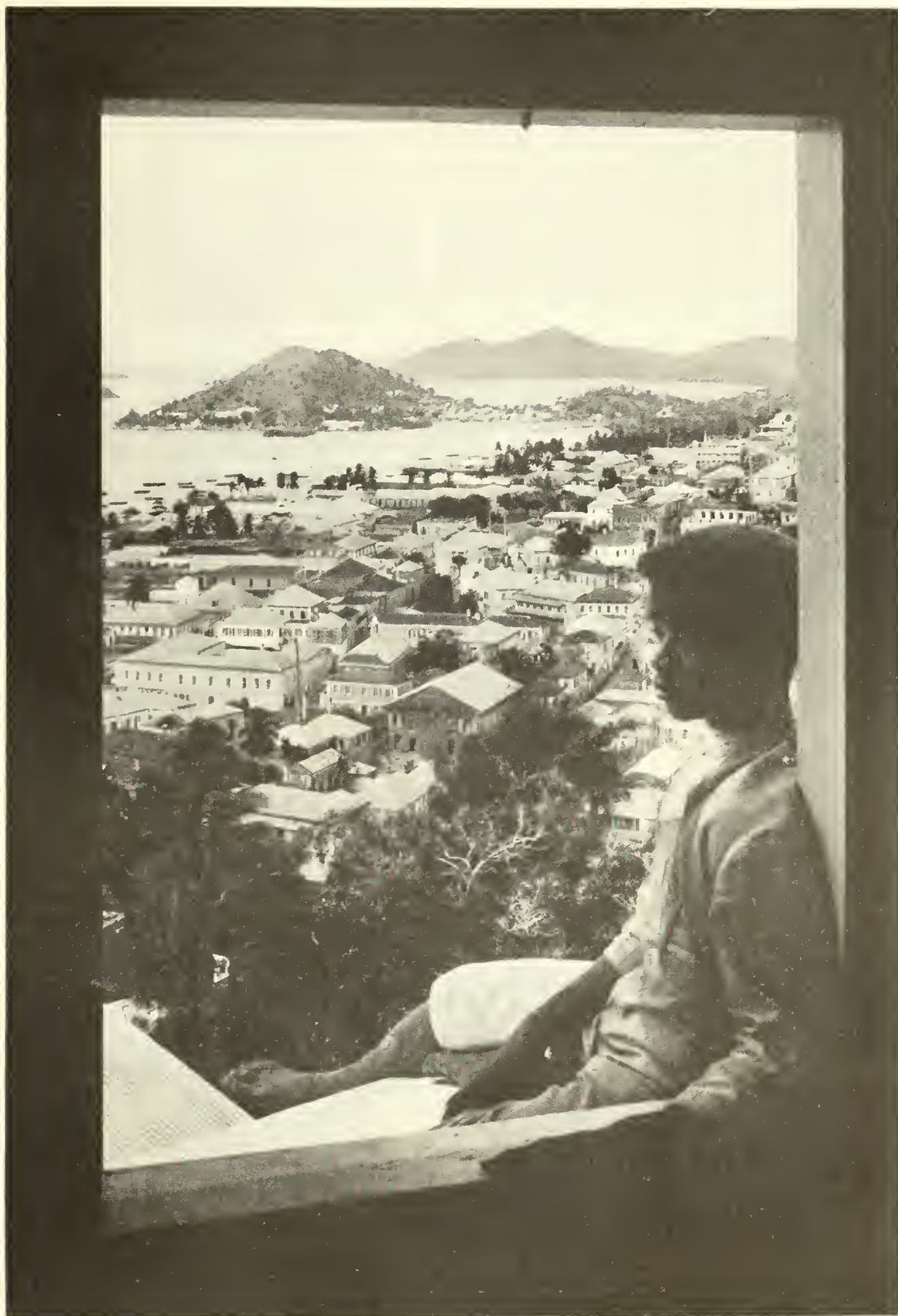
## PRESIDENT HOOVER

*after his recent visit to the Caribbean said: "The Virgin Islands may have some military value some time. Opinion on this question is much divided. In any event, when we paid \$25,000,000 for them we acquired an effective poorhouse, comprising ninety percent of the population"*



FROM A  
WINDOW IN  
BLACK-  
BEARD'S  
CASTLE

*Saint Thomas, the only town on the island of the same name in the Virgin Islands, stretches out to its harbor, one of the finest in the West Indies. Blackbeard was Edward Teach, an English-born pirate of the early eighteenth century.*



the back pages of magazines and discover the lure of elegance and luxury, of speed, of foreign atmosphere and shipboard entertainment. No vessel, so far as I know, has ever hymned the praises of undisturbed inertia. Perhaps such a mood is impossible on ships in passenger service, for the contact of many persons and both sexes makes for nicety, propriety, some slight concession to convention.

Formality is absent from the freighter. In all my days on the *Haiti*, I heard of but a single regulation—one had to wear one's coat at table. No mention was made of shirt or other clothing. Shaving was a matter of individual preference; we told the day of the week by the length of the first mate's beard. He always

shaved on Sundays, an act that set us right for a little while.

On the map the Lesser Antilles require four different colors—yellow for those which belong to the United States, orange for the Dutch, green for the French and the inevitable red of the British. Deserting charts in favor of actuality, one discovers but two predominating colors: the intense green of tropic vegetation, and the endless black, black, black of natives.

Fully ninety-five percent of those who populate these Caribbees are wholly or partly Negro.

Each island has its little group of whites who, according to the travel-books, jealously guard their racial purity. Yet the intermingling of strains has gone on for (Continued on page 40)



# Over the Waves to the Poorhouse

(Continued from page 39)

generations. Indian and Negro blood has mixed with Spanish, French, British and hundred percent American. In Trinidad the melting-pot has included a heady infusion of Chinese; the chauffeur who took me from Port of Spain to Brighton was half Celestial, half African. Even the East Indians who settled Trinidad in large numbers are said to be losing the racial pride which for long years kept them separate and apart. Perhaps this laxity is a result of prosperity, for these Hindus have grown wealthy. The islanders tell of one such merchant who, when he could finally show 10,000 pounds in his deposit-book, drew it all from the bank, counted it, and then put it back.

In the British and American colonies, the natives speak a tongue unintelligible to the northern ear. Report calls it a composite of English, Carib Indian, African, Spanish, French and spontaneous; and the latter element seems to prevail. But in the French islands the language is close enough to that which we heard from Dax to Is-sur-Tille to be thoroughly recognizable.

IN THE matter of international relations doubtless St. Thomas deserves the prize of an Einsteinian universe.

It is one of a group of islands named by a Spaniard for the proteges of a Spanish saint. (Incidentally, the discoverers of these Antilles own none of them now. Their tradition survives only in place names, scraps of language, and a few cathedrals.)

St. Thomas has a colony of Frenchmen, the Chachas, who still speak their ancestral tongue. The accepted currency, in accord with the treaty of purchase, is Danish. The chief corporations have Danish names and are owned largely in

Denmark; Prince Axel, cousin to the King, has controlling interest in the companies which hold coaling and dry-docking rights and the electric light concession. The streets of the city (until lately called Charlotte Amalie, now St. Thomas, like the island) have signs in the Danish language—*Gade* where we used to see *Rue*.

British rules govern the left-driving traffic, and the billboards tell of "tyres" rather than "tires." Cricket is the popular game, as in all the Antilles. In the harbor of Frederiksted, St. Croix, I was later to see a British battleship; it had put in for a few games with the local team.

At the time of my visit, an all-West-In-

dence of Spanish, French, Danish and British influence. Yet the island belongs to you and me.

The American flag waves over its garrison of disgusted leathernecks, the stamps at its postoffice bear the likeness of George Washington, the Abraham Lincoln primary school displays a big picture of Theodore Roosevelt over a teacher's desk, and on at least one outer wall was scribbled in childish chalk the good old American sentiment, "Reuben loves Beulah."

Within a few years, perhaps, all traces of former ownership will disappear from the Virgins. For the processes of Americanization are at work. At 8 on the morn-

ing I was in St. Thomas the marine band was making music—"Go Home and Tell Your Mother," "I'm Yours" and "Three Little Words"—pieces that had been popular throughout the States a week earlier. Yet in Martinique a Creole woman in the hotel's parlor had been playing a near two-decades-old song, "Just a Little Love, a Little Kiss;" and a band on H. M. S. *Rodney* in a Barbados harbor had obliged with the well worn Maine "Stein Song." Already our newest fellow-citizens begin to reap the benefit of that modernity which follows our flag!

The city of St. Thomas rises from a horseshoe-shaped harbor about the sides of three hills. Its white-walled houses topped with bright red sheets of galvanized iron stand out against green slopes that rise to 1500 feet behind them. The place has a still, quiet beauty, free of the garish tropical luxuriance that flowers in the lower islands. Its hills are covered with grass; trees, because of the

scanty rains, are scarce.

St. Croix, larger than St. Thomas, lacks the charm of its sudden peaks, but possesses a commercial compensation. Its soil is fertile. It produces sugar, guinea grass, coconuts, tropical fruits and sea-island cotton. It has some historical interest to



"No, ma'am, I'm sorry. This ain't the New York-Washington plane. This is an endurance flight"

dian cricket eleven was in Australia to battle for empire supremacy. Its outstanding star, Constantin, was a Trinidadian; and the inhabitants of that island hold him in the same veneration which we accord Ty Cobb and Babe Ruth.

In a dozen ways St. Thomas gives evi-



the United States, for Alexander Hamilton, born in the nearby British colony of Nevis, once clerked in Christiansted; and among the shoreward buildings of Frederiksted the U. S. frigate *Monongahela* nested in 1867, after a sixty-foot tidal wave had swept it over the rooftops.

In addition to the economic depression, the destruction of rum and bay rum trades by the Eighteenth Amendment, and the low price of sugar, St. Croix has another problem—the mongoose. This little animal was brought from India to rid the island of snakes. Now the snakes are gone; the mongoose remains, in ever increasing numbers, in ever increasing destructiveness to poultry. No hen is safe when a mongoose is near; and today St. Croix seeks a Pied Piper or a St. Patrick to rid it of mongooses.

For these two islands, another called St. John, and seventeen microscopic keys, we paid in 1917 the sum of \$25,000,000—almost \$300 an acre. We had long considered their purchase. Under Lincoln, Secretary Seward had negotiated a treaty which set their price (exclusive of St. Croix) at \$7,500,000; and the transfer appeared so certain that the King of Denmark issued a sorrowing manifesto to his loyal subjects of the West Indies, proclaiming his grief at parting from them, asserting that the change would be beneficial in the long run. But Lincoln passed on and Johnson succeeded; and an inimical Senate declined to ratify the agreement. His Majesty of Denmark pressed his dusky children once more to the royal breast.

Again, in 1902, our emissaries agreed to take the Virgins for \$5,000,000. This time the Danish parliament refused its accord.

The purchase was finally effected during the war. If now you ask why, if in view of President Hoover's announcement (following his visit of last March) that the Virgins constitute "an effective poor-house," you question the wisdom of paying such a sum, you are told that no amount would have been exorbitant at the moment. The chief question was to keep these tiny bits of earth from Germany.

The maritime value of these islands has long been recognized. A faulty legend ascribes a tower on St. Thomas to the hands of Edward Teach, the notorious Blackbeard; and although this particular buccaneer never visited the spot, it is true that other pirates of the Spanish Main made its vast and protected harbor their headquarters. Today the place, commanding an important passage into the Caribbean, is known as the Gibraltar of America—although the nickname must not be taken too seriously. "Gibraltar of America" and "Queen of the Caribbees" are titles subject to fierce dispute.

Certainly St. Thomas is an essential point in ocean traffic lanes. Along this arc of islands, it and St. Lucia are the only ones at which the ship may make direct contact with shore. In all other ports, anchor drops in roadways and passengers and cargo make landing in small boats.



## What will your income be in 1936?

You are building two fortunes today. One is counted in wealth. The second is health. And usually they go together.

Look at the successful men around you. What characteristics do they have in common? Isn't it their amazing energy, their abounding good health? These men have learned the dollars-and-cents value of good health.

They know that one of the most treacherous foes of health is constipation. When the system is constantly clogged, poisons are formed. Headaches, sleeplessness, loss of appetite and energy are some of the effects. Even serious disease may develop.

What a pity—when constipation can be overcome so easily. Just eat this delicious cereal: Kellogg's ALL-BRAN. Two table-

spoonfuls daily provide the "bulk" needed to prevent and relieve both temporary and recurring constipation. In severe cases, use Kellogg's ALL-BRAN with each meal.

Why run the risk of pills and drugs—so often harmful and habit-forming—when you can obtain *natural* relief with Kellogg's ALL-BRAN? Try it with milk or cream, with fruits or honey, or in bran muffins, breads, etc.

Kellogg's ALL-BRAN also furnishes iron, which builds up the blood. If you're away from home, you can obtain it at restaurants, dining-cars, hotels. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

You'll enjoy Kellogg's *Slumber Music*, broadcast over WJZ and associated stations of the N. B. C. every Sunday evening at 10.30 E. D. S. T.



# Aviation is News

(Continued from page 17)

manner in which the *Times* covered that story made it a *Times* event. More than a score of *Times* reporters were assigned to it in addition to many correspondents stationed at intervals on both sides of the Hudson River all the way from Albany to New York. The paper hired a special train pulled by one of the New York Central's fastest locomotives and loaded with reporters and photographers. The train started with Curtiss and kept pace with him down the Hudson. The veteran ship news man of the *Times* "Skipper" Williams spent the day riding back and forth across the river on tugs and ferryboats while a veritable *Times* navy put to sea all along the 150 mile course of the river. The next morning the paper carried three columns on the front page and inside five pages of stories and pictures.

To many who read of that day's flight Glenn Curtiss had performed a "stunt." To those who realized its significance it was no stunt but a promise of what we have today, a twenty-four-hour mail service between the Atlantic and Pacific and a 30-hour passenger service between New York and San Francisco.

The next month came a *Times* flight when Charles K. Hamilton flew from New York to Philadelphia on the same day and won a prize offered by the New York *Times*—another stunt, that has its fruit today in an every-hour-on-the-hour air service connecting New York, Philadelphia and Washington. The next year Harry Atwood won the New York *Times* prize for a flight from Boston to Washington following much the same course that the mail and passenger air liners are flying night and day now.

Private and experimental flying, however, was soon to give way to the military pilot and the machine carrying guns and bombs and it was not until 1919 that the serious task of blazing new air trails was taken up again. In May, 1919, Lieutenant Commander A. C. Read and a U. S. Navy crew took off from the waters off the Rockaway peninsula in New York Bay and flew to Newfoundland, thence to the Azores and on to Lisbon and England. The ocean had been crossed by a plane. Then it was the turn of the airship. The British R-34 left Great Britain on June 2d

and soared gracefully over Roosevelt Field a few days later. The *Times* sent its reporters to the tip of Long Island in fast cars and up the coast in tugs to catch the first glimpse of the airship. During that same month another staff correspondent, Edward Klauber, waited in Newfoundland for more fliers to get off across the Atlantic. Finally he wired

lantic. No one cared to sleep. News was breaking and what news! Extra staffs of telephone operators were required to keep the anxious informed on the latest bulletins of the fliers. Food was taken on the run. The *Times* leased special telephone lines to Roosevelt Field and reserved private phones at various points of vantage around the field.



## ON THE FLORIDA FIRING LINE

*These boys and girls are shooting regularly in St. Petersburg Post's junior rifle matches, hoping to win trophies and medals offered by the post. Hundreds of other posts are sponsoring junior rifle teams*

the thrilling story of the take-off of Alcock and Brown for their flight from St. John's to Clifden, Ireland. They made the trip in 16 hours and 19 minutes, a record for an Atlantic crossing that stood until Post and Gatty, in a flight in which the *Times* had a share, shattered it by two minutes a month or so ago.

This is not a history of aeronautics nor of the work of covering stories of great flights. The events mentioned, however, serve to illustrate the growth of flying.

As flying increased so did interest in flying until this interest, rolling up like a snowball, reached its height when Colonel Lindbergh crossed alone from Roosevelt Field to Paris. Some of our men went out to Roosevelt Field in April, 1927, and did not report for regular duty in the office until August. Four great flights started from Roosevelt Field that summer and the men who made them wrote their stories for the *Times*.

In addition to the personal stories, however, there was much of the news covered by the reporters themselves. It was an ordinary occurrence for a staff of a dozen men at the field and in the editorial rooms to be on duty twenty-four hours without sleep. No one thought of going home when a plane was in the air over the At-

After Lindbergh came Clarence D. Chamberlin and then Commander Byrd. Next Brock and Schlee flew and they entered into the spirit of getting the news to the paper. Wherever possible on that great flight from New York to Japan they were met by correspondents but when in the wilds of Asia Minor and further east they missed the correspondents they sought out a cable office and sent their own stories.

Colonel Lindbergh after a brief rest from his tour of the United States following his return from Europe again went on sky trails, this time turning the silver nose of the *Spirit of St. Louis* southward. Weeks before his start the *Times* had placed staff correspondents as sentinels at Mexico City, throughout Central America and along the northern coast of South America. The colonel as usual adhered to his schedule and at each stop he was met by a *Times* man who wrote the story of the flier's reception and filed the story written by the colonel himself. These personal stories were frequently penciled by the trail blazer on the back of charts and maps while he flew. They are a veritable log of his journeyings on this goodwill tour of Latin America.

That air route is now an established airway with big mail and passenger packets roaring over the jungles, across the blue Caribbean, through the mountain passes on their daily appointed rounds. The Commodores and Sikorskys alight in bays and harbors and are met by Indians in dugouts just as the ancestors of these same Indians swarmed out and around the stately vermilion galleons of Spain three centuries ago.

The airline which followed the Lindbergh trail has not only established quick communications where impossible communications were before. Its planes have brought succor to cities seared by the



ravages of war and earthquake long before other aid could find its way in. The *Times* correspondents had no such travel facilities. They tramped the jungle trails or rode muleback from appointment to appointment in order that the news might come back as it happened. They got the news, and sent it.

More recently the *Times* has published as it happened the story of Admiral Byrd's Antarctic Expedition and South Pole Flight. The admiral, then commander, sent a wireless message from the Pole itself which was relayed through Little America to the wireless station of the New York *Times*. Meanwhile Russell Owen was filing the story of the take-off on that momentous flight from Little America and later the same day he sent the story of the return. Admiral Byrd's own story of the flight came along next.

The message from the South Pole is a fitting companion radio to the message from the *Norge* when it was over the North Pole in 1926. Namm, the *Times* correspondent on the Amundsen-Ellsworth airship when she flew from Spitzbergen across the top of the world to Point Barrow, kept the messages coming all through the flight, a precious and deathless record of man's daring and pioneering which was presented to the world through the columns of this newspaper.

There are other great aviation stories which have been told in the *Times* by the actors in the stirring drama. Dieudonné Coste wrote the story of his flight westward from Paris to Roosevelt Field, the first non-stop flight from Europe to New York in a heavier-than-air machine. Air Commodore Charles Kingsford-Smith told the readers of the *Times* his experiences on the westward hop of the Southern Cross and the last leg of his journey around the world, ending on the Fourth of July last year at Oakland Airport, California. And the recently enacted drama of the Post-Gatty trip around the world added to the list.

Like the early flights of Wellman, Curtiss and Atwood some of these later expeditions have been regarded as stunts by the more conservative. Certainly they required great courage, great imagination, extraordinary physical endurance and skill, but these qualities are not limited to stunt performance.

These daring expeditions all contributed directly to scientific investigation and advance and to the promotion of the art and industry of aeronautics. Until Lindbergh flew no one beyond a few engineers and designers knew that an engine could be built capable of holding up under the speed and load demands of a transatlantic flight. That flight and the others like it created a general confidence in aviation that took the place of the confidence of a few fliers and air line operators. They set the world thinking about flying, the problems of flying, and the new relations that this new method of transport is sure to bring about among men.

AUGUST, 1931

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sleep, or class or creed. All people—everywhere—may use it equally. Its very presence gives a feeling of security and confidence and of nearness to everything.

Many times during the day or week or month, in the ordinary affairs of life and in emergencies, you see the value of the telephone and realize the indispensable part it plays in every business and social activity.

The growth of the Bell System through the past fifty-five years and the constant improvement in service may well be called one of the great achievements of this country. Greater even than that are the policies, improvements and economies that make this service possible at such low cost.

Of all the things you buy, probably none gives so much for so little as the telephone.

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**LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY**  
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# Woodfellows All

(Continued from page 15)

In spite of his funny face, Mr. Coon is a cheerful, desperate and scientific fighter. In a fair fight, or in an unfair fight for that matter—and most of his fights are unfair, to him—he will best a dog double his own size. He fears no living animal of his own weight, save only that versatile weasel, the blackcat, which can catch a squirrel in a tree or run down a fox on the ground and which invariably after a long running fight will kill any raccoon which he chances to meet.

One dark November morning, years ago, in the bad old days when I used to kill animals instead of making friends with them, I learned what a fighter a raccoon is. All night long with a pack of alleged coon dogs and a party of alleged friends, I had been hunting invisible and elusive raccoons through the thick woods. I had scratched myself all over with greenbriers and while running through the dark had plunged headfirst into the coldest known brook on the continent.

Four separate times I had been persuaded by false and flattering words to climb slippery trees after imaginary coons, with a lantern fastened around my neck. Finally we treed one and building a fire, waited until dawn, while the dogs made a circle around the tree to prevent our quarry from escaping.

The first bit of daylight showed us a monster raccoon crouched in the branches some fifty feet up. The tree was too large to climb and one of our party fired into the branches above the raccoon to make him come down, for in a coon-hunt the animal must be killed by dogs—if at all. Sure enough, when the shot cut through the leaves above him, the brave beast started slowly down the trunk and never stopped until he reached a branch some twenty feet above the yelping pack. Then, with hardly a pause, he launched himself right into their midst, struck the ground and disappeared in a wave of dogs. In a moment he had fought himself clear and managed to get his back against the tree. Then followed a great exhibition of scientific fighting. The raccoon was perfectly balanced on all four feet and did wonderful

execution with his flexible forepaws armed with sharp, curved claws. He went through that mongrel pack like a lightweight champion in a street fight. Attacking, side-stepping, slashing, and biting fiercely in the clinches, he finally broke entirely through the circle which surrounded him and started off at a brisk trot for the thick woods. The pack let him go. When he was out of sight they barked fiercely and told what terrible things they would have done to that coon if they could have caught him.

Of all the wild-folk who live near the homes of men, the fox is perhaps the most interesting. In the old days the red fox was called by the Indians "white man's fox," as they claimed that he was never seen in this country until after the white

heard of a gray fox whose tree-climbing had saved his life.

Rod and myself had been fishing in 'gator holes, the round ponds which alligators dig in the marsh, and had made a big catch of large-mouth black bass. On the way back to the hidden island where we were camping, Rod told me the story of the Lame Fox.

Near his cabin at the edge of the Swamp lived an old gray dog-fox who had lost three of his toes in a trap. He had evidently bought wisdom with his toes for although continually hunted, none of the dogs of that region was ever able to run him down. Finally Rod hunted him with his own pack, of which he was exceedingly proud. Every time the same thing happened. The dogs would follow the scent without a break

until they reached an old rail-fence. There the pack would lose all trace of the trail and come back to the cabin hours later with their tails between their legs.

Finally one day Rod started his dogs where the Lame Fox's paw prints showed fresh in the sand. When they were well on their way, he hurried to where the old fence began and hid himself among the branches of a live-oak which grew nearby.

For nearly an hour he could hear the dogs giving tongue here and there as they circled through the dry woods and across patches of marshy ground. Then he suddenly saw the Lame Fox himself lope into view far ahead of the dogs, coming toward his tree. When he reached the fence the fugitive sprang to the top rail and ran along

it until he came to where the branch of a big gum tree came within six feet of the fence. Leaping lightly to the slanting limb, the Lame Fox ran up it until he reached the bole of the tree, up which he climbed more like a gray squirrel than a gray fox, and popped into a big hole in the trunk.

A few minutes later the pack came along and losing the trail as usual at the fence, circled around and around, baying and yelping as they failed to pick up the scent anywhere.

As they barked, Rod saw the fox's head thrust out of the hole forty feet above



Wife's voice: "Don't turn on the fan, dear—I just painted it!"

man came. Some naturalists believe that our red fox is a descendant of English foxes imported by fox-hunting colonial governors in Virginia and New York.

Our other fox is the gray fox, who retires to his burrow as soon as possible when hunted, unlike the red fox, who never goes to ground except as a last resort. The gray has the same craft and wisdom as his red brother and although not so bold nor so large, yet has one accomplishment which the others lack—he can climb a tree.

This last year while down in the vast Okefinokee Swamp in lower Georgia, I



them, looking down at the baffled pack.

"His tongue was a-hangin' out an' if ever a fox laughed, that one did," related Rod, laughing himself as he remembered that day.

"What did you do?" I inquired.

"Well," he replied, somewhat confused, "after the dogs had gone home I shinned up the gum-tree an' peeked in the hole. The ol' fox just looked up at me an' grinned so kind o' friendly like, that I didn't have the heart to touch him."

In the county in which I live now it is unlawful to trap a fox or kill a fox in any way except with a pack of fox-hounds followed at a respectful distance by men in red coats on horses. Consequently foxes are on the increase, for the average fox is far wiser and more cunning than the average fox-hound.

It was in Haverford, Pennsylvania, eight miles outside of Philadelphia, where I now live, that I found my first fox family. I had been walking one May day through a beech-wood all faint green with new leaves. Suddenly, as I moved quietly among the great trees, I saw not fifty yards away loping wearily down the slope a gaunt red fox and two cubs, which were all woolly like little lambs. The wind was blowing toward me and when I stood stock still they did not notice my presence at all. One of the cubs suddenly disappeared in a burrow which I had never noticed before among the roots of a white-oak tree. Back of the burrow lay an enormous chestnut log, some feet above the ground, which evidently served as a watch-tower for the fox-family. The mother fox climbed up on top of this and lay down with her head in her paws and her magnificent brush dangling down beside the log and went to sleep.

The little cub who had stayed above ground played around by himself like a puppy. He had a sly, wee face, a woolly back and a round little belly and made me laugh to look at him.

First he snapped some blades of grass and chewed them up fiercely. Then, seeing a leaf that had stuck in the wool on his back, he whirled around and around snapping at it with his tiny jaws and then rolled over and over until at last he managed to brush it off. Then he stalked the battered carcass of an old crow which lay in front of the burrow, crouching and creeping up on it inch by inch, suddenly springing and worrying it furiously with fierce little snarls.

At last he curled up in a round ball with his chin on his forepaws and went fast asleep. Then it was that I had a great desire to creep up and pat his soft back. Leaving the path on which I stood, I started to cross the fifty feet of space which lay between us. Before I had gone far a leaf rustled underfoot and instantly the cub stood up, wide awake. I dared not move my head and when I turned my eyes to look, the mother fox was gone. So far as I could see she had made no movement whatever but there before my very eyes had melted away into the landscape.

When the (Continued on page 40)

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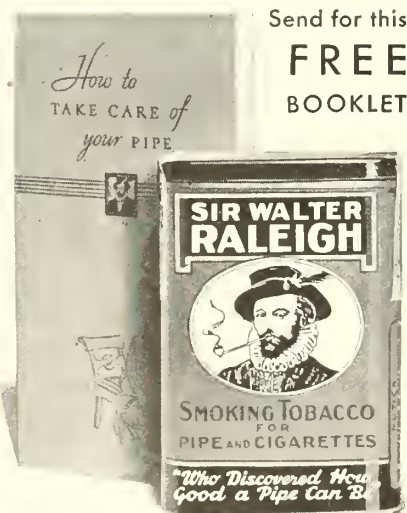


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## Woodfellows All

(Continued from page 45)

cub lay down again he was evidently watching me through his half-shut eyes, for at my very first step forward he once more rose and with that dignity which characterizes every movement of a fox, disappeared down into the burrow.

My last adventure with the wild-folk was in the Barrens. Once again four of us who have adventured in the open for more years than I like to count, had met at my cabin. After breakfast we set out to find Ong's Hat, which it may be explained is a place and not a headgear. A century and a half ago an old Indian named Ong disappeared and no trace of him was ever found, save his blood-stained hat, which gives its name to the clearing. Afterwards a tavern was built there which burned down in the forties.

For many miles we followed twisted trails past jade-green ponds and pools and through cedar swamps until at last near a grove of white beeches swaying in the sunlight, their bare branches showing wine-red against their silver trunks, we found the ashes in the cold sand—all that remained of the famous Ong's Hat tavern of long ago.

After lunch we made our way gingerly across a marsh so filled with quagmires and quaking bogs that rarely if ever has it been explored. That day, however, long weeks on end of bitter cold had made it possible and we followed the windings of a frozen brook into the most secret depths of the

great marsh. There we came upon a sweet-gum sapling about three inches in diameter, which had been recently gnawed down, since there were fresh chips all around the stump.

Every gouge in the tree and every chip seemed to have been made by a heavy chisel with a nick in it which left a groove running through the center of each cut. We stared at that telltale mark unbelievably. It was no other than the sign and seal of the beaver, the nick in the blade being the tiny space between the two big yellow cutting-teeth which every beaver wears in his upper jaw.

A little farther on we found where the gum had been cut into lengths, and through the clear ice could see where some of the cut logs had been anchored in the mud so that their bark might serve as food for the colony during the winter. At the base of the bank was the opening of a large burrow, which slanted upward and probably ended in the grass-lined inner chamber of the beaver-home. As the water was deep and the colony undoubtedly small, the beavers had not made a dam but were living as bank beavers. There, only thirty-five miles from Philadelphia, were living some of the shyest and rarest of all the wild-folk, long since supposed to be extinct in New Jersey and it makes us believe that close to nearly all of our large cities many more of the wild-folk linger than we ever suspect.

## The Whole Country Benefits

(Continued from page 11)

public bonds, Treasury Certificates and short term Treasury Bills upon which the Government pays interest varying from 3 $\frac{3}{8}$  percent to less than one percent.

Six hundred and eighty-odd million dollars which was borrowed at an average rate of approximately two percent, and was loaned to the veterans at 4 $\frac{1}{2}$  and 4 percent, the rate varying in different federal reserve districts. On the loans made to date the Government has made a profit of approximately \$14,000,000. This is fourteen million dollars in the pockets of the taxpayers.

Such is the story where the money has come from to lend to two million veterans upon the security of their Adjusted Service Certificates. There can be no loss to the taxpayers when the Government borrows the money for less than it lends it, and where the security is its own agreement to pay. Who are the taxpayers of the United States who have received this benefit? Some people would have the public believe that the veterans and taxpayers are different people—they are one and the same. Nearly five million veterans—citizens and

taxpayers of the United States: The man working on the street—the man at the engine throttle—the man running a bank—the man behind the plow—the man in the pulpit—all taxpayers—all veterans. A cross section of our country's people—count them wrong, then count the country wrong.

Despite a vast amount of sedulously disseminated propaganda, the adjusted compensation loans have worked no hardship whatsoever on the Treasury. The question remains whether they have done the veterans, and through them the economic fabric of the country, any good. If they have not, the experiment has been a failure, for it was not designed primarily as a measure of assistance to public financing, though it has been that.

The motive behind the proposal to liberalize the Adjusted Compensation Law, which Congress had entertained long before The American Legion expressed itself on the subject, was to relieve the distressing economic conditions by getting money into circulation. It was calculated that two billion dollars released through





*"Wait a minute—sand in my shoe!"*

the current channels of trade in every community in the land would be a helpful factor, and no one seriously disputed this until as a means to this end the adjusted compensation proposal began to shape itself.

Then it encountered opposition from the same official and unofficial sources which had fought the Legion seven years previously in the making and enactment of the original law. This opposition was swept aside by public sentiment, in Congress and out—a sentiment so spontaneous and so overpowering that to attribute it solely to the Legion is ridiculous, greatly as we of the Legion would appreciate the compliment.

The veterans have been more conservative in their borrowings than the economists estimated. Instead of immediately withdrawing two billion dollars they have withdrawn in something above three months only a little more than half that sum, which is an answer to a few critics who were afraid there would be an extravagant dissipation of the veterans' insurance assets.

Through the Legion's various posts and departments and through its National Rehabilitation Committee, which performs services of every character imaginable for veterans, thousands upon thousands of applications for loans have been handled to date. Without prying into the private affairs of the applicants, the Legion has made a survey and has obtained reliable information as to where the money in these cases has gone. For the most part, it has gone for the following purposes: 1. Paying off mortgages. 2. Bolstering small business enterprises. 3. Purchase of farm equipment, livestock and seed for crops. 4. Payment of doctor bills and other accumulated general family expenses.

In connection with the mortgages in a great many instances the loans were received just in time to prevent foreclosure proceedings. These are not frivolous uses for money.

The money that has been withdrawn has been very evenly distributed throughout the country. It has found its way into every locality. It has passed from hand to hand. On the farm, in the village, in the city it has found its way into the tills of local merchants and tradesmen, and from them to wholesalers and manufacturers, where it has kept wheels turning and men in employment. That was what it was intended to do. That is what it has accomplished.

It has not ended the depression. It was not anticipated that it would. But as an emergency measure, serving an emergency purpose, it has afforded relief, as I imagine most of those who read these lines know from their own knowledge of the economic life of their home communities. The Government has profited by it. Over two million veterans have received their own money at a time when they needed it badly.

Of this number, however, 1,700,000 veterans had borrowed on their certificates under the old law; there have been only 300,000 veterans at this time that have borrowed under the increased loan act that had not previously availed themselves of the privilege of borrowing on their certificates.

The American Legion does not seek or expect to escape criticism. The American Legion does not engage in profitless controversy after an issue has been decided, as this issue has been. It can and will employ its time and energies to better advantage in the service of its members who, in lean years and in fat ones, share the common fate of their country.



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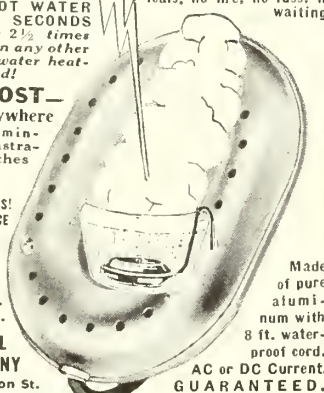
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# When Mr. Baker Made War

(Continued from page 29)

had become obsolete. Colonel E. A. Deeds of the Aircraft Board suggested that we continue building Spad bodies here for engines to be installed in Europe, but Pershing answered on December 15th, "United States should leave production single seater fighter to Europe." The Curtiss company had to start afresh on another model.

THERE was backing and filling for weeks from the other side as to whether we should prepare to produce the De Haviland four or De Haviland nine. In the middle of February the A. E. F. sent in a new list of airplane equipment which would fill half a page of this magazine. Where new designs and models could reach European manufacturers in a day from the front, they had to come to us by ship through the submarine zone. Often the Allies did not have a model to spare immediately. The Aircraft Production Board waited for four months for a model of the Bristol plane after it had been recommended by headquarters in France. Then the British drawings which accompanied the plane were half in British measurements and half in metric, and the details about equipment were missing. When we had built a Bristol, it was not up to expectations. Finally, after six million dollars had been spent on preparing for its manufacture, we had to abandon it because it could not carry our twelve-cylinder Liberty engine which the A. E. F. wanted.

On November 10, 1917, a cable from the A. E. F. said to "concentrate on the Caproni night bomber." Two weeks later came a cable to withhold "further consideration of Caproni until we obtain complete drawings of the Caproni." Pershing was in the hands of the experts and their changing recommendations, in the mercenary branch of warfare.

But the order at home was that what experts "over there" wanted they must have. It was not good form for the Aircraft Board to say: "Why in — don't those fellows on the other side settle on something and stick to it?" Our aircraft program, which was our blue-sky dream of the war, was bound to supply us with our great war scandal, which was initiated by Gutzon Borglum, the sculptor.

Borglum had invented an airplane on the principle of air suction in place of a propeller. He approached the aircraft executives with a general letter from the President which he construed as making him an official investigator. Baker's attitude toward Borglum's activities was that of interest in any light he could throw on the situation. He had written to the President on January 2, 1918: "I have attached to my own office here Mr. Stanley King, a capable, upright and disinterested business man. Would it not be wise to have Mr. Borglum urged to come

to Washington, talk freely with me, let me associate Mr. King with him, and give them an absolutely free hand to investigate every suggestion which Mr. Borglum can make, for the purpose of reporting directly to you, or to you through me, so that on the basis of such an immediate and thorough-going inquiry we can remedy what is wrong or set right any unjustified apprehensions."

But Borglum went his own way. As the result of his investigation he publicly charged mismanagement and even corruption and a general breakdown of the aircraft program. While Baker was absent in France, Chairman Howard E. Coffin of the Aircraft Board and Major General George O. Squier, Chief of the Signal Corps, demanded an official investigation. Assistant Secretary of War Benedict Crowell, acting in Baker's absence, appointed H. Snowden Marshall, E. H. Wells and Gavin McNab as an investigating committee, while Walter S. Gifford was to act in the same capacity in the Council of National Defense. Baker had their report upon his desk upon his return to Washington. It found no corruption but honest effort against odds. "A new art in our country... Few men of any experience whatever in our aviation or any advanced scientific knowledge of the subject... There fell upon this quite minor division (the Signal Corps) of the service a tremendous burden for which it was illy equipped..." And in prevision for the future, which was to know such violent controversies on the subject it was suggested that "eventually it will be desirable to make of the aircraft service a separate department entirely distinct from the Army and Navy."

FOR present purposes there were inherent faults in the organization calling for "prompt and decisive action." The remedy was that of one mind in place of many minds. As Gavin McNab put it in his comment appended to the report, "The law is unworkable. It provides a deliberative advisory body without authority or executive power... Deliberation has been out of proportion to production. There has been too much authority without ability, and too much ability without authority. It is difficult to translate thought into action and action into machinery, but this is impossible with executive authority paralyzed by large advisory councils."

The recommendation was for a civilian administrator of production who should be "of broad industrial experience, a business man accustomed to doing big things in a big way, and he should be clothed with absolutely dictatorial powers... He should have control of the Equipment Division of the Signal Corps."

There was a captain of industry, John



D. Ryan, President of the Anaconda Copper Company, who certainly had no relation to airplane production. He had been one of the men on Baker's list of possible successors to Daniel Willard as Chairman of the War Industries Board.

With Baker's recommendations before him, President Wilson announced on April 29th that Ryan was henceforth in charge of all aircraft production and equipment.

Coffin, father of industrial preparedness, and Squier, whose imagination had joined Coffin's in visualizing the mighty part aviation should play for America, and Colonel E. A. Deeds and Colonel S. O. Waldon had to leave to their successors the realization of their dream, as has been the fate of many pioneers. The Overman Act which became a law May 20, 1918, confirmed Ryan in the authority which they lacked and could not achieve in council. He called the experts, foreign and American, together. They agreed that the Liberty motor, now being made in numbers and with quantity production in sight, was satisfactory. Then in Detroit, where the large majority of the factories were located, he called the makers together and said:

"No more changes. Go ahead!"

"After Ryan took charge I had no more trouble about aircraft," Baker said.

But meanwhile, as Baker wrote to the President while the charges in Congress continued, "I am anxious to seek the most convincing method of showing that the War Department is as anxious as anybody else to discover and punish wrong doers." The President published to the country sworn statements intimating that Borglum was seeking personal profit out of the aircraft situation, and had stated that he could do anything he wished with the President through his personal friendship. Sculptor Borglum was having his share of publicity as an airplane expert.

Then the President met the Senate objection to his Attorney General as an investigator by a dramatic stroke in asking Charles E. Hughes to accept full power to co-operate with the Department of Justice. The former investigator of the insurance companies, former Governor of New York, former Justice of the United States Supreme Court, and Republican candidate for the Presidency against Wilson in the late Presidential election, and future Chief Justice, who had been modestly doing his bit with the draft boards, accepted this war duty. Even Senator Chamberlain was now willing to give up the Senatorial investigation.

AS THE nation came to the supreme effort in forcing men and supplies across the ocean, there was one mind in command of the army in France, one mind at the Chief of Staff's desk, one mind in charge of war industries, one mind in charge of aircraft; and one mind, that of Brigadier General Frank T. Hines, in charge of the Army Embarkation Service. No officer had swifter promotion than Captain Hines of the Regulars, which he won because of the demonstration of such high ability in getting men to the front that he was to suffer the same penalty as other Regulars who made themselves too useful at home to be spared for France. General Hines reorganized the muddled Veterans Bureau four years after the war.

Happily, the pleasant relations of Baker and Secretary Daniels of the Navy were never disturbed by a ripple.

One of the most felicitous accomplishments in the conduct of the war which has been overlooked because it ran so smoothly was the harmony between the sister services—which had had their jealousies in the past. A problem which might have caused much bickering was easily settled. Baker decided (Continued on page 50)



#### CATCHING HISTORY ON THE WING

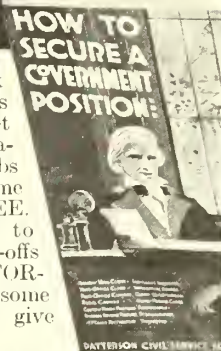
Miss Grace E. Umberger, Historian of Pearce-Keller Post of Manhattan, Kansas, won praise from the judges in the National Historian's post history contest for her compilations for the post's permanent records

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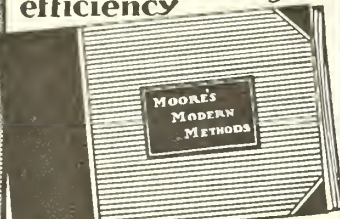
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
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## When Mr. Baker Made War

(Continued from page 49)

that although the Army had its own troop transports in peace, it would not add to its great task in the war by reaching out for further burdens. All the sea business of the war from port to port was placed in charge of the Navy.

Admiral W. S. Benson, Chief of Naval Operations, and General Hines settled details in informal friendliness of two large minded men of the world; and a mighty command was that of Rear Admiral Albert S. Gleaves, who was supreme over the liners which bore the men and all the slower cargo boats, large and small, tramp and regular, which bore the munitions and supplies. Gleaves had been in command of the first convoy that took the pioneer contingent through the danger zone, and in the final six months before the Armistice when a million and a half were carried safely to France.

We were building extra terminal facilities and increasing the quarters at Camp Upton to give more space. Major General David C. Shanks, another dictator in charge of the embarkation at New York, was keeping the largest hotel for transients in all history.

**B**AKER had told the Allies that we would send one hundred twenty thousand men in May. He was very careful that the Allies should not be deceived by false promises in their desperate need.

"The total number of American troops of all arms so far dispatched from America is 724,102," he wrote to General Bliss on May 31st. "During the month of May alone we put on board transports 244,402 (double the number promised) . . . Apparently with the assistance of British troop transports the question of getting the American army to France is soluble . . ."

The soundness of the preparations, of the broad compass of the great plan made before Joffre had called for more than a division, was in that odyssey of our man-

power from the cantonments. But every man we sent abroad was one more to be supplied when we were furnishing the cargo ships while the British assisted us with troop transport.

"The question of subsistence remains a serious concern," to quote further from Baker's letter of May 31st. "Roughly, we have estimated that to maintain an army of a million men in France will require the continuous employment of 2,500,000 dead-weight tons of shipping, and we have at present in service only about 1,300,000 tons"—which was another reason for the steel mills to hasten the shapes to the yards and the ship workers to rivet them to form the hulls of ships, lest our army in France go hungry.

**T**HE men in the cantonments were no longer wondering if they would see France as division after division was being ordered to the ports of embarkation. But some division generals did not go with their divisions. Some division generals were sent home after they had served for a while in France. When war brings so many heartbreaks, one with a rank lower than that of a brigadier general gets little public attention.

As Pershing had the responsibility in France, Baker left the choice of subordinates to him. Baker cabled to Pershing on November 13, 1917:

"You will be thoroughly supported in the relief of any officers that you care to relieve and any recommendations made by you as to promotion or assignment will be given greater weight. If you cannot make use of officers behind the lines return them to the United States."

When Pershing wanted to relieve an officer he so informed the War Department, which issued the order.

"Of the major generals now in Europe," Pershing cabled on November 10, 1917, "the following considered unfit:



"Well, if it isn't Major Gillingswater in the flesh"



"Clements, James Parker, Augustus P. Blocksom, John F. Morrison, William A. Mann, Hugh L. Scott and probably Hunter Liggett of whom will report later. Their physical infirmities disqualify them to stand the cold, the discomfort, the continuous strain, and the nerve-racking bombardments. Recommend men mentioned be used at home and not assigned to fighting units."

Parker, Mann and Blocksom would retire in a year. General Scott, who had been Chief of Staff before Bliss, and was in France on his return from Russia, was already retired. Pershing desired no generals who were past or near retiring age. In his letter Pershing also on the list of unavailables included Generals Swift and Plummer. He considered that General Morrison, who was afterward to re-organize our training at home, was not interested enough in handling troops.

**B**UT war's stern test, which finds weakness where strength was expected and strength where weakness was expected, upsets judgments formed upon records or personal association in peace service; or a Grant would not have been found in a retired regular officer clerking in a country store or a Stonewall Jackson in the professor of a military academy. So Pershing was to find in Hunter Liggett the organizer of the First Corps and later the commander of the First Army in the Meuse-Argonne.

Who was young and who was old among major generals was not to be judged solely by their ages. For one of them, at least, who was on the edge of sixty, was to receive as high a tribute as Pershing could pay to a division commander, and others who were his seniors came through to the end with honor.

Late in 1917 the War Department was starting on tours to France a group of men whose rank made them more distinguished passengers than multi-millionaires and famous Senators in peace time. Commanders of the divisions in training at home were to see the front in order to learn how better to prepare their divisions for action and direct them in action. Among these major generals were Leonard Wood, J. Franklin Bell and Thomas H. Barry, who were seniors to Pershing in the regular service.

In common with Pershing, as the result of service in the Philippines or the War with Spain, they had been promoted over the heads of many seniors in order to put younger men in high positions in the Army.

Regular to Regular it was an awkward situation to overcome when promotions put an officer over his senior in the regular service, far more awkward than lifting number three over the head of number two to the number one in civil life, where number two might ease his disappointment by obtaining a job with another firm.

Respected as they were in the service, Bell and Barry were not well known to the public and were overshadowed by the fame of Wood, who had been the ranking major general for ten years. Wood was a

brilliant speaker and spoke often. Some people wondered that one with his talents should not have resigned from the Army and sought a political career in which he would not have been subject to the limitations of the military service. In common with many public men he was unconscious of how freely he used his abundant gifts in winning support to gain his ends. His hostility to President Wilson was not concealed in his conversations.

Passing through England, where his fame had preceded him, he received much attention from Lloyd George and other leaders, and he was expressing his lack of faith in our war administration at the time of the Congressional investigation, and the traffic crisis when our railroads were snowbound. He gave the impression to the British, who were alarmed over the coming German offensive, that we could never be depended upon to have an effective force in France. He received also much attention in France, where he was reported as criticizing Pershing, and where he bore himself with soldierly coolness when he was wounded by a fragment of a mortar which exploded in a test at an arms school.

Wood, according to his biographer, wanted to accept a pressing invitation from an Italian High Command to visit Italy, but Baker's letter to the President on February 26th indicates that the invitation was given at Wood's request:

"I enclose copies of two cablegrams received from General Bliss. The shorter one you will observe shows that the Italian Supreme Command based its request on General Wood's expressed desires. I have directed General Biddle to notify General Pershing that we have been informed of the statement of the Italian Supreme Command with regard to General Wood, but believe it important for him to return to this country as the other generals have done who have been sent to inspect the Western Front and, therefore, to make no change in his orders, which are for his immediate return to this country."

**W**OOD also asked Pershing to be allowed to return to the United States by way of London, where he wanted to see J. St. Loe Strachey, editor of the *Spectator*, Sir Arthur Lee, his friend of Spanish War days, and Lloyd George. Pershing ordered him home on the same ship with Bell from Bordeaux.

Upon his return Wood appeared before the Senate Committee and turned the guns of his censure on the War Department. He presented disheartening pictures of the inadequacy of our preparations and the condition of our army in France.

Even people who thought that Wood must accept the fate of his situation as a penalty of his opposition to the administration were aroused to indignation when he was relieved of the command of his division just as it was about to sail for France. It appeared as if he had been snatched off his transport.

While the pictures of Nineteenth Century warfare (Continued on page 52)

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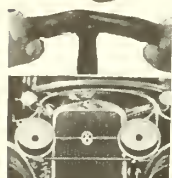
# When Mr. Baker Made War

(Continued from page 51)



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give the impression that the general rode along the dusty road at the head of his troops so he could have a good start in leading them in a charge, the modern custom for a commander of a division, which is larger than many of the famous armies of old, is not to precede his division to its destination when it is ordered to move. Otherwise, the man who is the head and center of it would be away from the center where he depended upon information by telephone and telegraph.

Wood was ready to board his ship before making the order. As a matter of fact, however, his division will not all be entrained from Kansas until the ninth of the present month and his speedy departure for Camp Merritt was hardly justified. As soon as the order was issued General Wood came to Washington and sought an interview with me. I of course saw him and he asked me to change the order."

Accepting the criticism that the War Department did not want to prolong the



"Hold the 'phone. He's busy on another wire!"

Even behind the battle front in France the general rule was that division headquarters waited until the first brigade was on the way.

Upon receiving word that his division was to start for France, Wood left entrainment to his second in command and went on to New York, the port of embarkation. Had he remained a day longer with his division he would have been there to receive the order "to remain at Camp Funston until the departure of the last unit of the 89th Division, when you will proceed to San Francisco, Cal., and assume command of the Western Department."

On June 6th Baker said in a letter to Pershing: "Some three or four weeks ago General March and I in conference decided that General Wood should be detached from his division, as the time had about arrived for the 89th to sail. General March held the order up for a few days, and in the meantime the order went out to the 89th to entrain for Camp Merritt. At once, on receipt of the order, General Wood and his staff left for Camp Merritt, leaving his division to follow him. As soon as General March discovered that he issued the order detaching General Wood. This was unfortunate because it gave the appearance of our having practically waited until General

uproar that was found to follow Wood's relief from his division does not imply that it delayed the order until he was at the transport's gangway to humiliate him. Wood's friends denounced the rumors that Pershing had refused to have Wood as "passing the buck" to Pershing. When the newspapermen questioned Baker, he refused to discuss the subject. What was a Secretary of War for? To receive the buck. Wood, as he waited to see the Secretary, is described as pacing stormily up and down the corridor opposite the Secretary's office, which had known so many army heart-breaks, saying that he knew Pershing wanted him and he should demand fair play. Wood took Colonel Kilbourne into Baker's office as a witness to the interview, but left his aide outside, saying, according to Wood's biographer:

"We had better not all go in. He will think we came to kill him."

After the interview, in which Baker refused to change the order and, finally, in answer to Wood's pressure of the question, said that Pershing did not want him in France, Wood went into the office of Major General W. S. Graves, Assistant Chief of Staff, an old friend, and sank down in a chair, appearing "utterly crushed." He doubted Baker's statement that Per-



shing did not want him; he was going to see Senator Warren, Pershing's father-in-law, and learn the truth about it. In response to his request for two or three days in Washington he was told that he might have all the time he wished.

While Wood was still in France, Pershing had definitely decided he would not have him. In Pershing's letter of February 24, 1918, which he hoped would reach Baker before Baker started for France, he enclosed two envelopes. The letter in the first included Wood in a list of generals unavailable for service as division commanders. As Wood came from the Medical Corps Pershing thought he should be considered to be in the same class as engineer officers. The note in the second envelope, which was entirely about Wood's unavailability, is similar in substance and tone to a letter addressed to General Peyton C. March, Chief of Staff, published in an article in the *New York World*, December 14, 1930. I did not receive the privilege of quotations from General Pershing's letters, but the usual custom of paraphrase seems in order since the publication of the letter to March and a reference to extenuating circumstances is in order. It must be remembered that both were written in the midst of the A. E. F. "Valley Forge," when Pershing was looking after such a multitude of affairs personally, his negotiations with the Allies were acute, the German offensive was daily expected, and Wood was still another source of irritation. Pershing reported that Wood was talking against the Administration in Washington, his attitude was generally disloyal, he had created a bad impression of our high officers among the Allies, was ambitious for notoriety, dragged his leg in a more or less helpless manner, had spent little time in the trenches; and that the new medical board which Baker had appointed to examine general officers would find him incapacitated for active service. Wood had just telephoned from Paris that Captain La Guardia of the Signal Corps, a member of Congress from New York, and the Italian High Command had asked him to go to Italy, but as he had visited all the other fronts, and had been so long away from his division, Pershing had ordered him home.

The medical board in Washington, upon Wood's return, found him physically fit, but was not expected to consider whether or not he would form a personal faction to the embarrassment of Pershing in France or that the Commander-in-Chief of the A.E.F. should receive subordinates whose loyalty he so evidently distrusted. Pershing said personally that if Wood had been sent to France he would have sent him back. Would any other commander, feeling as Pershing did, have taken a different view? Would Wood if he felt the same way about Pershing?

Wood asked the President and Baker that if he might not take his division to France he should be sent in command of our contingent in Italy. On May 31st Baker had cabled to Pershing: "I am

strongly inclined to think that it would be wise to let him go to Italy when our first contingent of troops go there; but would prefer to have him secure this assignment on your recommendation rather than by my personal choice; so that I could tell him of your recommendation at the time I notify him of his selection. My idea would be to have him while in Italy a part of your general European command. Of course, he will not be sent to Italy or to France without your approval." But Pershing was not of the mind to have Wood in Italy.

Barry and Bell, both Pershing's seniors in the regular service, had been included in Pershing's list of February 24th as unavailable. Both passed the physical examination for general officers. Pershing's reason in Barry's case was that, although still vigorous, he was near retiring age and too far along in years to learn how to handle troops or to endure the strain at the front any length of time. Bell, although noted for his aggressiveness and loyalty, was also sixty-two and his health was bad.

**N**ATURALLY, when Bell and Barry were in France, a junior major general of Regulars did not like to tell these two seniors something that would break their hearts. It might be that the medical board would find Bell, at least, unfit; and it would be time enough for them to know the cruel truth when they received the orders from the War Department relieving them. Wood, however, forewarned both Barry and Bell that they were to share his fate.

Bell had reason for a greater heartbreak than Barry in that he had won his brigadiership in the field in the Philippine rebellion while Barry had been on staff duty. It could not be true, he was certain, that Pershing would keep him back. Baker was touched by his appeal and in his letter to Pershing on June 6th he wrote:

"Some days ago General Bell came down to see me. He is really a very heartbroken man about not being allowed to go back to Europe. He tells me that the doctors at the Rockefeller Institute have discharged him from observation because of their conviction that he can control his diabetes and does control it. My own feeling about General Bell is one of admiration for the work he did at Camp Upton. . . . It may be that you are entirely right and that he ought not to be in Europe, and I am not urging it beyond pointing out the very remarkable work he did at Camp Upton which, of course, I had a better opportunity to see than you have, since you have been away during practically all of that time." But Pershing did not change his view about Bell.

Another conspicuous heartbreak was that of Major General Clarence Edwards, who had been Lawton's Chief of Staff in the Philippines, at Root's and Taft's right hand in the Insular Bureau. He had taken the 26th Division to France and commanded it through all its actions until he was relieved in the last month of the War during the Meuse-Argonne battle early in October, 1918. The (Continued on page 54)

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## When Mr. Baker Made War

(Continued from page 53)

only reference to him of importance in the cables is on July 18th: "I have ordered General Edwards to Rome and have placed General Treat in command of post in Paris. General Edwards has not demonstrated his ability to command a division. He will, I believe, fit well into the position assigned to him."

On July 19th Pershing cabled: "In view of present conditions so much of my 1484 as refers to Major General Edwards is held in abeyance." Edwards again appears in the cable of October 11, 1918, from Pershing:

"I request that the following officers be ordered to the States and assigned to duty training divisions or in command of training camps or other duty appropriate to their present ranks which I recommend they retain. The major generals have had actual experience in handling troops in active operations. The others are not considered available for that duty but should be valuable to assist in training. Major Generals Clarence Edwards, John E. McMahon, Omar Bundy and Brigadier Generals John D. Barrette, W. S. Scott and Charles H. Barth."

When he was in France on his second trip Baker had told Pershing that any transfers he saw fit to make for the sake of efficiency would have the War Department's sanction. Pershing's was the responsibility of command in the field. Baker saw his part as sending him the men and supplies he wanted. So Baker was particularly interested in the millions in uniform whose heartbreaks did not have the same professional aspect as those of major generals. The divisions were not dependent upon changes of commanders, but we could not get on without the divisions.

NOW, in this narrative which is trying to present a true picture of the whole effort, in which so small a number were major generals, we turn back to the fighting in France, after the long digression on subjects which were so vital to success in the great crisis of the war. We shall see how not negotiations but the spirit of the nation from factories and cantonments to the front settled that troublesome question of preserving the integrity of our army.

We have seen how no American division was in against the first two offensives of the Germans in 1918. On May 28th the First Division, which had been in France for nine months without the chance for action in a violent battle sector, made its offensive at Cantigny in the battle area of the German offensives far away from our sector in Lorraine. It took all objectives and repulsed all counter attacks. Pershing cabled to the War Department, "It is my firm conviction that our troops are the best in Europe and our staff as good as any."

But the fame of Cantigny was obscured by the third German offensive in which

Ludendorff had been able to gather for the attack forty divisions and all their artillery and supply trains without the enemy's knowledge. It seemed another "race to victory" such as Caporetto. The Germans swept on to the Marne, taking Château-Thierry, and turned toward Paris. At the meeting of the Supreme War Council the Allied premiers and Foch and Pershing were calling on President Wilson for three million men from America as necessary to insure security and then victory. We must continue to ship them at the rate of three hundred thousand a month. In support of this demand Pershing cabled on June 3d:

"Consider military situation very grave. The French line gave way before what was thought to be a secondary attack and the eight divisions that occupied that front have lost practically all their material and a large percentage of their personnel, although actual numbers of men and guns are yet unknown. The German advance seems to be stopped for the time being."

Bliss was writing home that orders were being issued to prepare for the evacuation of Paris—while Clemenceau before the Chamber of Deputies was saying on June 4th, "I fight in front of Paris; I fight at Paris; I fight behind Paris," and President Poincaré, who had once evacuated Paris, became stubborn in face of suggestions that he do so again.

In that cable of June 3d was another brief sentence which deserves very high emphasis. "Our Second Division entire is fighting north of Château-Thierry and has done exceedingly well."

THERE, across the Paris road, "is fighting"—and only begun fighting! One brigade of the Second was on the north of the road; and one on the south. It happened that the one on the north side of the road was the Marine brigade. The result there would have been the same if it had been one of the brigades of many divisions I could name. Our army staff, with all appreciation of the Marines' superb spirit, considered that marine training for landing parties, policing occupied ports, and operating as forces of pacification in backward countries, had not fitted their officers in the same way as those of the Army for army operations. Granting the soundness of the hypothesis, this was a handicap for the Marines to overcome in the ensuing action. The thing was that here was the hour and the hour was met by the man. Text books dwell on the man and the occasion, but the greater proof of him is in making as well as meeting the occasion.

The commander of the Marine Brigade was Brigadier General James G. Harbord, who had been Pershing's pioneer Chief of Staff. A brigade of one of our large divisions was equal to the size of a European division, which, their experience with large armies had convinced all European staffs



was the correct size for adequate handling; and Harbord's situation was such, and the circumstances as Harbord moulded them were such, that he had in a large measure a separate command, while he had in support of his aggressiveness Pershing's faith in him. His directive from General Degoutte, commander of the French army of the area, was to correct the line at any point where he could advantageously. He had no orders from General Pershing to undertake an offensive.

IT WAS an unpleasant fact that the Germans were occupying a wood called Belleau. To attack a wood on a hill, where a concealed enemy looked down on troops in the open, was an ugly business, as every veteran of the war well knows. Yet this was the best of reasons why we should take the wood and reverse our tactical position in relation to the enemy. The Marines had come to France to fight, just that, as had the regular brigade on the other side of the road; and the men of every National Guard and National Army brigade. All would fight in the same spirit although with a degree of skill that varied with their training and experience.

Harbord took the men at their word. He unleashed the hounds, when it would have been the conventional thing, the evident counsel of wisdom, to dig deep trenches on the defensive. He not only attacked on June 6th, but he kept on attacking day after day, foxhole to foxhole, rifle against rifle, machine gun against machine gun, grenade against grenade and bayonet against bayonet, losing foxholes and recovering them in that huggery-muggery among the tree trunks and brush, but gaining, gaining, gaining.

It was the spirit of the thing that was supreme in that crisis in Allied affairs. The value to American morale was that we had proved ourselves masters in the catch-as-catch-can, and the value to the morale of the Allies was the proof in action that this war was our war, which was worth more than all the speeches from the President down the line to drill sergeants and all the reports of our war preparations, when the Allied public was downhearted with the thought that the Germans had done it again as they saw the German battle line again on the Marne and beyond Château-Thierry, in spite of unified command and the promise of the coming of the American hosts. Our performance in place of promise came at the right moment in Allied psychology. British and French veterans now accepted the Americans as members in good standing in the Allied fraternity.

It is not necessary to quote from the universal Allied praise of the Belleau fighting. Surely it will be recalled by all whose memories are old as the war. Legends quickly sprang up in the whispering galleries about how we fought like devils, like tigers, like red Indians, with our fists and naked to the waist, if unskillfully. Yet was it so unskillfully in the larger sense? For the offensive again had its reward. We took many more prisoners than we lost

and our losses were lighter than the Germans'.

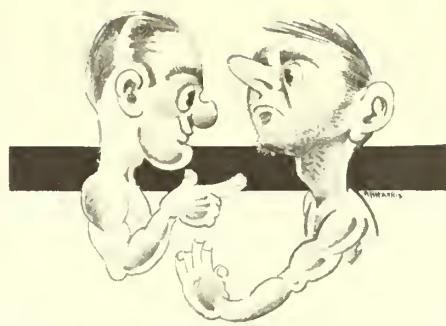
The effect on the Allies, on our own Army and public was that of "Jackson standing like a stone wall" at Bull Run to the South and Grant's "unconditional surrender" at Fort Donelson to the North. The Allies with their racial and national security and pride, in these decisive months of the spring of 1918, were wanting aid on the battle line where national and individual fortunes were being settled. They might intrigue about the spoils when victory was in the offing, but their concern, when the house was on fire and the burglars were on the grounds, was not whether the firemen and policemen, so they arrived in time, wore the buttons of the second or third ward. For they had considered us as an unmillitary, commercial nation.

On the 14th, while the Second kept on hammering, Ludendorff sprang his fourth offensive along the line from Montdidier to Noyon. This time he did not catch Foch napping. Foch's French divisions stopped the Germans successfully. Paris was out of danger; but Foch even before this had reasons for fresh confidence. That we find also in Pershing's dispatch of June 3d: "It is General Foch's plan to take the divisions from behind the British lines as needed and use them with French artillery in Lorraine to replace French divisions for the battle."

The training of our troops by battalions with the British as our divisional staffs were formed to receive the battalions back into our own divisional formation had been the subject of negotiations which make a cordage of official documents. The worry had been that the British would absorb our divisions, our men would become only replacements in the British army, and our Army would lose its identity. Now Foch, the generalissimo of the Allies, the great master of tactics, was ordering those divisions away before their training was complete. But he was not to send all of them to Lorraine. After the example given by the First at Cantigny, and at Château-Thierry of the Third, which had lately arrived in France, and had played a brilliant part, Foch was to put our divisions, National Guard and National Army, after two or three months' training, into active battle.

THERE was no further quarrel with our having our own army. We had won the right to our own army in the high court of action where all rights in war are won. All the Allies asked was that we send more and more such divisions, no matter whether they were in the Allied armies or our own. The thing was to have them at the front. The war plan of 1917—the draft, cantonments, the war industries on such a gigantic scale—had the justification of its conception and the energy that carried it through. Prepared to put three million men in France if necessary, the War Department could be certain of victory because there had never been any doubt how they would fight once we had them in France.

(To be continued)



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# King of Burglars

(Continued from page 9)

horse was, undoubtedly, a thoroughbred; he was a big chestnut stallion with a blazed face and four white stockings. Then Ben-Hur appeared in a close-up, an instant later there was a close-up of the faces of the four horses—and on the nostrils of the blaze-faced horse Uncle Ben detected faint scars he knew all too well.

"Oh, my God!" he moaned. "They're running him in a chariot race! They'll ruin him. They'll make a bum out of my Rey Del Robo."

HE SAT there in the darkness, trembling, watching the race, watching chariots overturned and horses down; but he failed to thrill. No, Uncle Ben would never have made a good Roman! Breathless he awaited the conclusion of the race, his old heart going pitty-pat as he noticed that Rey Del Robo had, apparently, come through unscathed. Poor Uncle Ben! He did not know that, in all probability, that scene had been "shot" a dozen times—that the "take" he had seen might have been one of the first and that Rey Del Robo might have been spilled and destroyed after the filming of that particular scene had been completed.

Uncle Ben was weak when he left the theatre. At the box office he ascertained the address of the studio that had made the production and at once wired it as follows:

Please wire collect if you still have on hand the thoroughbred stallion with four white stockings, blazed face and scar on muzzle that worked as off horse in Ben-Hur's chariot race Stop If so will you sell him and at what price?

The following day he received the answer:

Horse not for sale as we are keeping him for use in any race track stories we may produce in future Stop If you can trade us a thoroughbred that can run reasonably fast and has the same general color scheme as the horse about which you inquire we may consider doing business Stop Any horse considered in trade must be very gentle.

For two hundred and fifty dollars Uncle Ben purchased a big black beauty that was three-quarters thoroughbred, with a blazed face and three white half-stockings, put him in a motor truck and started for Culver City, near Los Angeles. He had considerable difficulty getting in to see the general manager, but on the third day he won through. The general manager came down on the lot to look at the black horse.

"This is a trick horse," Uncle Ben explained. "He'll walk on his hind legs and get down on his knees and bow to the ladies, search your pockets for sugar, buck to order but not seriously and run like a streak. And I'm much mistaken if he won't photograph better than that chestnut horse I saw in Ben-Hur."

At the general manager's request the black was saddled and Uncle Ben mounted him and put him through his paces. "Very well," the picture man decided. "We'll trade."

"I want five hundred dollars to boot," piped Uncle Ben. "Trick horses come high, an' they're worth more to the movies than an untrained horse. Besides, that chestnut's a stallion and I know you'd prefer a gelding. Lots less trouble." Uncle Ben was a horse-trader!

In the end Uncle Ben got three hundred dollars to boot and a bill of sale for Rey Del Robo. At the stable where the motion picture company's stock was kept they led the lost stallion out to him. Old Uncle Ben's facile hands went roaming down the horse's legs, feeling, pressing, seeking scars or swellings, splints, ring-bone or incipient spavin. But Rey Del Robo appeared to have come through his adventures scatheless, albeit he was very stale for lack of exercise. Uncle Ben's heart was very full as he loaded his lost treasure into the motor truck and started back with him to the Oro Fina Stock Farm in Livermore Valley.

That was in May. All the scientific treatment of a horseman and all the loving care of a father Uncle Ben lavished on Rey Del Robo that year. The horse rounded into shape, displaying all his old fire and vigor in his morning gallops. Then, one crisp fall day when Uncle Ben knew his horse to be right on edge, he sent him away for a mile and a quarter race with the two great horses which the Oro Fina Stables had already entered in the Coffroth Handicap, to be run at Tia Juana the following March. It was a try-out for all three and Uncle Ben saw to it that nobody but himself held the stop-watch.

REY DEL ROBO was off first and at the quarter was two lengths behind his competitors. Uncle Ben sighed, for he had given the jockey on Rey Del Robo orders to make a race of it from the barrier to the finish. At the half Rey Del Robo was still two lengths in the rear. "Just not quite fast enough," Uncle Ben almost sobbed. "A grand selling plater after all." Half way to the three-quarter pole Rey Del Robo commenced drawing up on the other two, running with a length between them. At the three-quarter pole he passed the first; at the turn he flashed by the leader and then Uncle Ben saw the blazed face come thundering down the homestretch.

"A slow starter and a strong finisher!" screamed Uncle Ben. "Come on, you runnin' fool! Come on, baby! Show me what you've got! Show me, boy, show me!"

The boy was hand-riding him. Not

once had his bat fallen on the sleek chestnut flanks. His great head stretched forward, his scarred nostrils flung wide, the King of Burglars came down the stretch by himself, the thud of flying hooves behind him seemingly stirring him to greater efforts. He would not let them catch him. As he flashed past the finish twelve open lengths in front of his little field Uncle Ben's thumb came down on the head of the stop-watch and he stood there, watching his horse pull up, afraid to glance at the watch, fearful he would see there a record he could not believe.

The boy rode up to Uncle Ben. "Uncle Ben," he shouted, "this is a horse. If he hasn't busted a track record I'm a swipe."

Uncle Ben looked at his watch. Rey Del Robo was one second under the world's record for the three-quarters, he had exceeded by half a second the world's record for the mile and the mile and a quarter, and, judging by his speed and reserve stamina at the finish he could have broken the record for the mile and a half. He smiled up at the boy.

WE MUSTN'T talk of records in a private try-out, son," he replied. "When he starts in a handicap with fifteen or twenty others, on a heavy track, we may have another story to tell. But he'll do, son. You bet he'll do. He had a lot of reserve speed still left in him, didn't he?"

"A world of it, Uncle Ben."

"Well, don't think too badly of the other two. You're a jockey and they're ridden by exercise boys. We mustn't get the swelled head over Rey Del Robo. He had it all his own way today."

"All right, Uncle Ben, but whenever he starts everything except my tack goes on him. And I'll hock that."

That night Uncle Ben wrote Lorna Halliday:

Dear Partner:

Well, I have Rey Del Robo back again, after a long, sad search. I have had him since May but did not want to tell you about it until I knew for sure he was worth getting back.

I must confess that I didn't play you fair about this horse. You had a half interest in him but when I registered him I forgot that and sent the papers in under my own name, so when the sheriff put a plaster on him I had no chance to defend your half interest.

I enclose herewith a bill-of-sale for your half interest in Rey Del Robo, together with his record made in a private try-out here today with two of the best horses in the Oro Fina string. Weather fair, track fast.

I have to resign my job as manager here. Am going to enter Rey Del Robo in every open and all-age stake to be run this next season, and I cannot work for the Oro Fina people and compete with their entries. I'd look like a black-leg.

If you'll send me back that five thousand dollars I will deduct your half of the ex-



pense of finding Rey Del Robo, plus his maintenance and other expense to date. Then I'll bet the remainder in the winter book. We ought to get five hundred to one. He will be a long shot when he goes to the post in the Coffroth Handicap. Please come out to see him make good and bring your bankroll and your husband's and your daddy's, and we'll spoil the Egyptians for fair.

Contentedly yours,  
Ben Bannister.

Lorna was on hand to see Rey Del Robo run his first stake race. She visited him in the paddock with Uncle Ben. "How about the jockey?" she inquired.

"The boy has his shirt bet on The Burglar," Uncle Ben assured her, "and in addition I bet two hundred dollars for him in the winter book. I couldn't let the Oro Fina people send in their entries, knowing they hadn't a chance, so we had another try-out, with the owners present, and they agreed I had the better horse, and let me have this jockey. I know he's square. So they've climbed aboard the winter book and will back our horse for a killing in the pool rooms all over the country. He's entered under both our names, Miss Lorna. The public will think it's a case of old Ben Bannister falling so low he had to get a woman to angel him. Why, the sharpshooters are offering forty to one on him, with no takers, and he'll pay fifty to one in the machines."

The bugle blew and Uncle Ben lifted his boy into the saddle, then accompanied Lorna to the clubhouse veranda to see his heart's desire prove that in him, all unknown and unsuspected, flowed the blood of kings. His old heart thumped mightily as he watched the big chestnut walk sedately to the post, and Lorna noted that blue ribbons had been woven into the horse's mane and tail. "I've got him all dolled up for victory," he told the girl.

"You're running him in blinders."

"Yes, it's a muddy track and he's a slow starter. With the leaders throwing a barrage of mud in his face he might be apt to decline to run into it. I haven't given the boy any orders, except to ride him to win. He'll have to hang back until he finds a hole to run through, but once he's out in front—"

"They're off!" A rumbling roar from the great crowd and Rey Del Robo was

battling for the largest stake ever offered on any race-track—ninety thousand dollars. As Uncle Ben had predicted, Rey Del Robo was not off any too well—seventh in a field of fifteen. But at the half he had worked up into third position; at the turn he cut in on the rail and passed the leader, to thunder home a length in advance of his field.

They were crowning him with a wreath of roses when Lorna became aware that Uncle Ben was gripping her hand so hard it hurt. She looked up into his face and saw that it was pale and twitching.

"The time," he whispered. "Look at it. And on a slow track . . . O Lord, I thank Thee. Now I'll get back my lovely Ridgewood Farm and some good mares."

He staggered down to the fence, climbed over it and out through the deep mud, where he put his arms around Rey Del Robo and kissed the horse's scarred nose. Then he led him over to the fence that the new king of the turf might be photographed with Lorna.

They shipped him East to win the Riggs - All - Age stake at Pimlico, the Metropolitan at Aqueduct, the

Clarke Handicap at Latonia and the Saratoga cup. At the close of the season the strangely-assorted partners received an offer of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for him.

WELL, my dear," Uncle Ben queried of his partner, "what do you want to do about this offer? A hundred and twenty-five thousand added to what we have will leave us sitting pretty for life."

The girl smiled at him. "Good old true-blue sport," she answered. "You know it would break your heart to sell him now. We can get a stud fee of two thousand for him. If we accept twenty carefully selected mares and have twenty good ones of our own he ought to make us rich and famous."

Uncle Ben nodded. "He'll never race again, Lorna. The world knows now the blood that's in him, and he's proved it to the satisfaction of the world. I've bought back Ridgewood Farm. . . . I reckon we'd better incorporate . . . I'm tired of race tracks, my dear. I want to go back and fuss with foals again . . . gettin' old, Lorna . . . got to have an interest in life. And foals are it."



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# New Trees for Old

(Continued from page 33)

of the peace and other such public officials.

William Cassius Cook, State Superintendent of Free Schools, sends word from Charleston that the Legion program, to be made generally effective in the fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth grades at the beginning of the new school year, will give tens of thousands of school children a practical knowledge of the machinery of government and the duties of public officials of all grades. Under the auspices of Legion posts junior citizen groups will be organized in all communities. Boys and girls will be elected to all offices of state, county, city and school district.

Each boy or girl so elected will be expected to familiarize himself with the duties and responsibilities of office and impart his knowledge to other pupils.

"In view of the fact that a large percentage of the men who are connected with our schools as teachers and executives are also members of The American Legion, we feel confident that the program will be successful in enlisting the aid of people generally," writes Superintendent Cook.

## Cody's Welcome

HERE is news for Legionnaires planning to spend vacations in Yellowstone National Park. Milward L. Simpson, Adjutant of Fred Coe Post of Cody, Wyoming, suggests that vacation trips be timed to include a visit to Cody August 13th, 14th and 15th during the convention of the Wyoming Department. "Three days of fun and business, capped by a beef barbecue and a '49 show on August 15th," writes Mr. Simpson. "On that night the wolf will howl and the canary birds will sing bass. Cody is the eastern gateway to Yellowstone Park. From the town to the park runs a scenic highway of seventy miles. It leads through Shoshone Canyon and past the Shoshone Dam, until recently the highest dam in the world."

## For the Eyes of America

WHEN The American Legion begins in November the task of enrolling for a new year the million members it has had in 1931 and bringing into its ranks as many additional members as possible it will present to the country on 17,000 poster panels a pictorial appeal for support in its undertaking. The Legion will present

a message to the nation in a poster of many vivid colors, striking in size and simplicity. The poster itself will be of the twenty-four sheet type, the standard size used on the largest bill boards, and the central feature of the poster is the emblem of The American Legion, six feet in diameter.

The emblem is surrounded by a series of convoluted circles of different colors which give the emblem the appearance of advancing and receding, a striking effect that is certain to attract and hold the eye. The legends are beautifully lettered on backgrounds of strongly contrasting colors.



*A six-foot reproduction of the national emblem of The American Legion, surrounded by convoluted circles of vivid colors, is the striking feature of the Legion's new membership poster which will be placed on 17,000 poster panels throughout the country*

National Adjutant James F. Barton has pointed out that the new poster appeals directly not only to eligible service men who have not yet joined the Legion but also to citizens generally.

"Membership is not the only purpose, important and necessarily first as it is," Mr. Barton says. "Behind this new and beautiful work of art is the Legion's desire to create the good will of all America and a sentiment in favor of all Legion programs."

## Junior World Series

HOUSTON, Texas, will be the baseball capital of The American Legion for three days this summer. At Houston will be played on August 28th, 29th and 31st the Junior World Series between teams representing the eastern and western halves of the United States. The team representing the country west of the Mississippi will win its right to play at Houston by coming out on top in the regional tournament to be played in Colorado Springs, Colorado, beginning August 20th. The eastern regional championship tournament will be played at Manchester, New Hampshire, August 20th, 21st and 22nd. Russell Cook, director of the Legion's National Americanism Commission which is directing the boys' baseball program, announces that Houston was selected for the

Junior World Series after invitation from many other cities had been considered.

## Postscripts

CLARENCE DE MAR didn't win this year's Boston Athletic Association Marathon, but it took another Legionnaire, Jimmy Hennigan of Medford (Massachusetts) Post, to beat him . . . U. S. S. Jacob Jones Post of Washington, D. C., composed of 400 women who served as yeomen in the Navy during the war, has given a scholarship to the American Foundation for the Blind, after several years of help for blind girls, including the sponsoring of a troop of Girl Scouts and work in the section for the blind in the Library of Congress . . . Minnesota posts have renewed this summer the Legion-Learn-to-Swim Weeks in which last year 6,940 Minnesotans were taught principles of swimming and first aid . . . The consolidated posts' annual picnic in the Big Horn

Mountains is attended by all Legionnaires of Big Horn County, Wyoming, which is one hundred miles long and almost as many miles wide . . . Maywood (New Jersey) Post members attended in a body services at St. Martin's Episcopal Church at which the post presented a large silk flag to the pastor . . . Donerson-Hawkins Post of New Bern, South Carolina, conducts Memorial Day services in all the burying grounds in the country localities of its county, and in each Legionnaires give addresses recalling the lives and war services of the individual men who are honored . . . Butler (Georgia) Post donated and erected flag poles and flags in front of the ten school buildings of its county . . . Legionnaire Frank Horack of Buffalo made six bull's eyes out of six arrows fired during an archery tournament, a perfect score of fifty-four . . .

Milton Jarrett Norman Post of Sunbury, Pennsylvania, equipped and trained a boys' band of sixty pieces . . . Codington County Post of Watertown, South Dakota, presented to its city's public library bound volumes containing all back issues of The American Legion Weekly and The American Legion Monthly . . . Earl Faulkner Post of Everett, Washington, rented a steam shovel and constructed a playground for boys and girls of an orphan's home . . . As a part of its junior baseball activities, Harold Mason Post of Sioux Falls, South



Dakota, provided its community with a fenced-in baseball field, meeting the expense of more than \$2,000 by selling poster advertising space.

## Roll Call

**H**ERBERT M. STOOPS, who made the cover design for this issue, is a member of Jefferson Feigl Post of New York City, which is composed of veterans of the Second Division . . . Peter B. Kyne belongs to Merced (California) Post and was Historian of the California Department in its second year . . . Ralph T. O'Neil, National Commander of The American Legion, is a member of Capitol Post of

Topeka, Kansas . . . Royal C. Johnson, Member of Congress, is a Legionnaire of Aberdeen, South Dakota. He is chairman of the Committee on Veterans Affairs, in which post he exercises knowledge he gained while rising from private in the Regular Army to second lieutenant in the 313th Infantry. He was wounded at Mountaucon and was awarded the D. S. C. . . . Lowell L. Balcom belongs to Fitzsimmons Post of Kansas City, Missouri, and Orland K. Armstrong to Goad-Balinger Post of Springfield, Missouri . . . Frederick Palmer is a member of S. Rankin Drew Post of New York City . . . A. B. Bernd is a Legionnaire of Macon, Georgia.

PHILIP VON BLON

## Only a Congressman

(Continued from page 13)

Senate was a check on the House" and that the country was well governed then. When one argues on both sides of a question he is bound to be half right. I would not try to dim the Golden Age of the Senate, which extended from 1830 to 1850 when Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Benton and Hayne sat in it together. But what I do object to is a distortion of historical perspective by which that era is used as a measuring stick whose inches are turned into feet. It would be well to remember that the principal issue before that Senate was slavery, which was mishandled from first to last, bringing on the Civil War, which the body of the people North and South would have avoided had their views been properly represented.

Congress has its ups and downs just as does any body of changing membership, whether a college football team, a church congregation or the Authors' League of America. I would not say that the present Congress rates higher than some of the notable Congresses of the past, even within my short service of sixteen years in the House. But certainly there have been many Congresses below it in ability and in performance. It is a good average and as such a fit subject for discussion.

Congress, and in particular the House with its two-year term, is an accurate reflection of the current political mind of the country, whatever it may be. If the country's mind is not made up, which happens just as often as it happens in the case of the average individual, there is apt to be a Congress whose mind is not made up, and some resulting confusion of views. As the political mind of the country changes, the political complexion of the House changes.

A voter certainly has at his disposal the means for sizing up a candidate for Congress and, if he thinks him unworthy, of casting his ballot for someone whom he believes to be worthy.

If critics of Congress would display the same energy in the primaries as they do after election there would be some changes in the House, but not so many as the snap-judgment artists would think. That, at least, is my opinion. Whether these

changes would be for better or for worse is another thing of which I am uncertain, for great as may be their shortcomings, I know of few Congressmen as loose and extravagant in their views and language as is much of the criticism of Congress, including the case under review.

I have seen cowardice in Congress—in the individual and in the mass. I have seen insincerity, deception, weakness. I have seen precisely the same things in every other environment that I have had an opportunity to observe, and in about the same degree. I have seen courage in Congress, fidelity to duty, sincerity, honor. And I have seen these fine things elsewhere in about the same degree.

All this is but another straw that tells me that the Senate and the House of Representatives are simply a slice of America, taking the bitter with the sweet. We gather there under the big dome, 531 of us, by the operation of the freest and most untrammelled suffrage on earth, but what was the percentage of eligible voters who voted at the last election? About fifty-five, if I am not mistaken. That is not minority rule, but it is too close to it for comfort. Mr. Kelland says we have minority rule through organized lobbies and blames Congress, of which I am a member. I blame the electorate, of which we are both members.

There is a type of public official who will cut a wide swath with a red-hot speech and leaves to others the study, the research and endless shirt-sleeve committee and conference work necessary to translate oratory into action. We insiders on the Hill know him, though the public may think him to be a valuable, constructive statesman. He has his counterpart in the public critic whose intemperate words are not a means to an end, but an end in themselves—for the fellow who just wants to get something off his chest. Criticism is a wholesome thing in a democracy, but not the ultimate thing. It is not a substitute for the ballot or the silent, effective interest in government that begins in each voting precinct in the country before the primary elections.

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28x4.50-21"	2.45 1.20	32x4	2.95 1.15
28x4.75-19"	2.55 1.35	32x4 1/2	2.95 1.15
30x4.95-21"	3.00 1.35	34x4	3.20 1.15
28x5.00-19"	2.55 1.35	34x4 1/2	3.45 1.45
30x5.00-20"	3.00 1.35	36x5	3.60 1.75
28x5.25-18"	2.55 1.35	36x5 1/2	4.45 1.75
28x5.25-19"	2.55 1.35		
30x5.25-20"	3.00 1.35		
31x5.25-21"	3.10 1.35		
28x5.50-19"	2.55 1.35		
30x5.50-20"	3.00 1.35		
30x5.00-18"	2.50 1.40		
31x5.00-19"	2.50 1.40		
32x5.00-20"	3.10 1.40		
33x5.00-21"	3.20 1.45		
32x5.20-20"	3.55 1.75		
32x5.75-20"	3.95 1.90		


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Name.....



# Baseball on the Hoof

(Continued from page 37)

the ship. Brought before the captain, he was immediately outfitted with a U. S. Navy uniform and another member was added to our crew.

"We landed in Charleston, South Carolina, where he was adopted by a wealthy family. The lad had a brother who lived also on the docks, but had no desire to leave, so we left him behind. I have often wondered whether or not Etienne has ever located his brother and just what has become of both of them."

**REUNIONS** in Detroit, to be held in conjunction with the Legion national convention, September 21st to 24th, with names and addresses of veterans from whom detailed information may be obtained, follow:

THIRD DIV.—W. M. Peebles, 708 Fox Theater bldg., Detroit.

FOURTH DIV.—General reunion of IVY men. Miss Dorothy Egan, asst. secy., 720 N. Michigan av., Chicago, Ill.

32d DIV.—Informal reunion under auspices Red Arrow Club, including smokers, banquets, tours and other festivities. John H. Freeman, 429 Brainard st., Detroit.

42d DIV.—E. D. Hennessey, chmn., 15432 Marlowe, Detroit.

81st DIV.—Reunion of Wildcat veterans. Sgt. George Dry, R. O. T. C., Cass Technical School, or Harold Heigho, 278 Forrest av., Detroit.

H COMPANY CLUB (126th Inf., 31st Mich. Inf. and 1st Mich. Inf.)—Gordon L. White, secy., 6409 Theodore av., Detroit.

326th M. G. Bn.—Walter W. Wood, Box 1001, Portsmouth, Ohio.

330th F. A.—Carl Mounteer, 2224 First Nat'l Bank bldg., Detroit.

313th F. S. Bn.—Daniel M. Lynch, Hammond bldg., Detroit.

FIRST SEPARATE BRIG., C. A. C., Assoc.—William G. Kuenzel, chmn., 25 Gillman st., Holyoke, Mass.

21st ENGRS., L. R. Soc.—Eleventh annual reunion. Frederick G. Webster, secy.-treas., 6819-A Prairie av., Chicago, Ill.

23d ENGRS.—Reunion under auspices 23d Engrs. Post, American Legion. F. R. Erisizer, comdr., 5353 Allendale, Detroit.

26th ENGRS.—Reunion and organization veterans association. Ray Bielman, 8100 Gratiot av., or W. W. White, 15217 Forrer av., Detroit.

31st ENGRS.—Third annual reunion. F. E. Love, secy., 113 First av., W. Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

39th RV. ENGRS., A. E. F.—Eighth annual reunion. Chas. M. Karl, pres., 11640 Princeton av., Chicago, Ill.

TANK CORPS—Reunion of all former Tank Corpsmen. Victor T. Porter, Tank Corps Reunion Hq., 2006 Industrial Bank, Washington at Grand River, Detroit.

304th and 824th BNS, TANK CORPS—T. R. Lovett, 910 Donovan bldg., 2457 Woodward av., Detroit.

Co. D, 326th M. G. Bn.—Masonic Temple, Detroit, Sept. 20, 7 P. M. Walter W. Wood, Drawer 1001, Portsmouth, O.

2d BALLOON CO. A. E. F. Vets. Assn.—Craig S. Herbert, 3333 N. 18th st., Philadelphia, Pa.

M. T. C.—Reunion of all former Motor Truck Corps members. Hinner Gellein, Recorder's Court, Detroit.

49th AERO SQDRN., Kelly Field, Tex.—Wm. T. Welsh, 12619 Mark Twain av., Detroit.

FLYING GOAT SQDRN., U. S. N. AIR STATION, Porto Corsini, Italy—E. Mason Gates, Northwood Center, N. H.

338th AERO SQDRN. and PROV. M. P. Co., Charlotte, N. C.—Homer R. Osander, 91 N. Brook st., Geneva, N. Y.

280th and 828th AERO SQDRNS. and SQDRN. B, Selfridge Field, Mich.—Jay N. Helm, 940 Hill st., Elgin, Ill.

FOURTH OBSERVATION BALLOON CO.—Harold G. Bull, 226 Washington Terrace, Audubon, N. J.

NORTHERN BOMBING GROUP, Field E—Jean L. Van Dyke, Buffalo, Wyo.

U. S. NAVAL BASE NO. 6—Proposed reunion of Allnavy in and out of Queenstown. Frank Rose, 36 E. Linden st., Alexandria, Va.

NAVAL BASE NO. 27, Plymouth, Eng.—Phil C. Pack, Ann Arbor, Mich.

U. S. NAVAL BRIG.—D. C. Horne, 19947 Greeley, Detroit.

U. S. S. Annapolis—R. C. St. Clair, 8540 Bennett av., Chicago, Ill.

U. S. S. Rhode Island—Summer W. Leighton, 1118 S. Elmwood av., Oak Park, Ill.

U. S. S. South Dakota—Philip T. Wallace, 11 Edwin st., Brookline, Mass.

U. S. S. *Wilhelmina*—Dr. M. M. Sorenson, 3025 Washington av., Racine, Wisc.

U. S. S. *Wigwag*—John F. Caulley, Box 131, Oak Hill, Ohio.

BASE HOSPS. No. 114, Beau Desert Hosp. Center, France—Geo. R. Barr, 610 W. Congress st., Detroit.

AMER. RED CROSS HOSPITALS No. 3 and No. 112, Paris—F. J. Maynard, 501 S. Warren st., Trenton, N. J.

NURSES—National Organization of American World War Nurses. Mrs. Samuel E. Bracegirdle, 5005 Spokane av., Detroit.

REPLACEMENT UNIT No. 4—Miss Elizabeth C. Schau, Box C, Traverse City, Mich.

M. T. C. 420, M. S. T. 411—Adolph Illikman, Saginaw, Mich.

DOMGERMAIN ORD. DET.—Fabian F. Levy, 213 S. Broad st., Philadelphia, Pa.

UNIVERSITY OF POTTERS, France—Alan B. Leonard, 601 Cadillac Sq. bldg., or Dan M. Lynch, 703 Hammond bldg., Detroit.

UNIVERSITY OF GRENOBLE, France—Ed. P. Buckenmyer, 1002 Nicholas bldg., Toledo, Ohio.

**VETERANS** of the 91st Division, which hailed from the West Coast, are following in the footsteps of other divisional societies—the 42d and 27th, as we now recall—in their pilgrimage to France which gets under way from the Pacific Coast on August 14th.

On August 10th, the party will sail on the ex-transport *Leviathan*, now the flagship of the United States Lines. The itinerary includes visits to London, a motor trip through Flanders, visits to the 91st's battlefields, a side trip to Cologne and Coblenz, Germany, thence through the Meuse-Argonne sector, and ends with six days in Paris. The *Leviathan*, on which the return trip also will be made, will dock at New York on September 20th. Full information may be obtained from Guernsey Fraser, Tour Director, 128 Sutter Street, San Francisco, California, or from George P. Miller, 1st Vice-President, 451 Central Avenue, Alameda, California.

**NOTICES** of additional reunions and other activities of veterans' organizations follow:

FIFTH DIV.—Annual reunion, Hotel Lafayette, 31 W. 12th st., New York City, Sept. 5-7. Edward A. Vosseler, secy., 200 Broadway, New York City.

27th DIV. Assoc.—Reunion, Buffalo, N. Y., Oct. 20-22. Write for particulars and for copy of *The Orion Messenger* to C. P. Lenart, secy., Cap tol P. O. Box 11, Albany, N. Y.

29th DIV.—Reunion, Asbury Park, N. J., Sept. 26-27. 29th Div. Assoc., 343 High st., Newark, N. J.

35th DIV. Assoc.—Annual reunion, Pittsburgh, Kans., Sept. 25-27. The 137th Inf. Band will be on hand to play "Khaki Bill." Fred Henney, pres., care *Hutchinson News and Herald*, Hutchinson, Kans.

80th DIV.—Twelfth annual convention, Pittsburgh, Pa., Aug. 6-9. Address Secy., 80th Div. Veterans Assn., 413 Plaza, Pittsburgh.

327th F. A.—Annual reunion, Gillespie, Ill., Sept. 6. Carl B. Roberts, 102 Park ave., Gillespie.

20th INF. VETS. Assoc.—Fourth annual reunion, Reeds Springs, Mo., Aug. 27-30. E. E. Wilson, comdr., 1931 23d st.-A, Moline, Ill.

355th INF.—Annual reunion, Grand Island, Nebr., Oct. 15. Oscar Roeser, 1408 W. Koenig st., Grand Island.

104th M. G. Bn.—Reunion and clam bake, Syracuse, N. Y., Sept. 5, following Legion dept. convention. Col. Donald Armstrong, Troop K Armory, Syracuse.

11th F. A.—Annual reunion, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Sept. 6. R. C. Dickieson, secy., 4816-47th st., Woodside, N. Y.

34th INF. M. G. Assn.—Third annual reunion, Aurora, Ill., Aug. 2. Henry Rauscher, 639 Hinman st., Aurora.

200th-201st (later 496-497th) Aero Sqdrns. To complete roster former members address Frank D. Van Valkenburg, Oyster Bay, L. I., N. Y. Please also send names and addresses of other members you know.

52d AMMUN. TRN., C. A. C.—Reunion during Legion department convention, Long Beach, Calif., Aug. 31-Sept. 2. McKinley H. Thompson, P. O. Box 81, Modesto, Calif.

U. S. S. *Leviathan*—A new ship's history will soon be distributed and all former officers and men of the "Levi" are urged to send their names, addresses and wartime rank or rate for listing in book. Ninth annual reunion will be held aboard the *Leviathan* during the early part of 1932. H. R. Schaeffer, Great Neck Towers, Spruce st., Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.

**WHILE** we are unable to conduct a general missing persons column, we stand ready to assist in locating men whose statements are required in support of various claims. Queries and responses should be directed to the Legion's National Rehabilitation Committee, 600 Bond Building, Washington, D. C. The committee wants information in the following cases:

111th INF., Co. M, 28th Div.—Former members, also wounded men in Nurse Henri REGUI's ward in hospital at Blois, France, who recall Charles E. ANDERSON.

U. S. S. *Casco*—Charles E. BEVERIDGE requires affidavits from former shipmates who recall his fall from bridge when he injured shoulder. Sometime in 1918 out of New York when most of crew were down with flu.

BOLTON, Bryan, ex-seaman, Navy, missing since 1929. This man has pulmonary condition and his mother who is caring for veteran's two children wants to locate him to establish dependent children's claim.

BROCK, Charles T.—Mentally disabled veteran, formerly patient in U. S. Vets. Hosp., Muskogee, Okla., has been missing since he left for California. Aged mother worried that he is not receiving proper care.

27th CONSTR. Co., A. S. A.—Charley E. CHEATHAM requires statements from Telfair REGUI's ward in hospital at Blois, France, who recall Charles E. ANDERSON.

FLETCHER, Gilbert—Needs statement from Charles A. HALPIN, Leroy J. MILLIRON, John D. GHENT, Howard W. BELL and other men who recall his disability.

40th ARTY., C. A. C.—Statements from enlisted men in tent with Cpl. Edgar C. HANFORD on night he ruptured side, about Nov. 10, 1918, while Hq. Co. was detached at Le Havre. Also base hosp. doctor and medical Sgt.

JOHNSON, Elmon—Information wanted regarding this man who enlisted in 1916 from Boaz, Ala. Last heard from on Mexican border, 1916. May be mental patient.

28th INF., Co. K, 1st Div.—Men who recall William KOBIE, replacement from 337th Inf., 85th Div., who received machine gun bullet in thigh in Meuse-Argonne, Oct. 7, 1918, and was patient in Ward 36, Hosp. 209, Bordeaux, France, for seven months.

1st INF. REPL. REGT., Co. G—Statements from Cpls. DRISKEILL and FLEMISTER and Pvts. Cinton WALKER, Charles PRICE and Elmer PRICE, who remember William J. KUHN who suffered heat prostration returning from rifle range, Camp Gordon, Ga., Aug., 1918. Also statements from Capt. MAYNER, Sgts. Fox and Bennie CARLISE, Bill FINLAN, Clinton WALKER or men of Co. I, 39th Inf., Ft. Leavenworth, Kans., Mar., 1919, about hospitalization.

110th INF., Co. A, 28th Div.—Men who were replacements in this outfit and remember Samuel GANOE.

12th ORD. GUARD, Camp Raritan, Metuchen, N. J.—Former men of this outfit in 1918 who remember Louis H. MCKNIGHT.

NAVY—Men, including Jake SHOEMAKER and Red KELLEY, who remember Harry ("Monk") OLSEN, fireman on U. S. S. *Leviathan*, *Standard Arrow*, *Polar Sea* and *Pretoria*. Suffered stomach disability during service.

QUINN, Thomas J.—Killed in automobile accident in Cogswell, N. D., Mar. 13, 1931. Age about 38 years, 6 ft., black hair, grey eyes, ruddy complexion. Former home in Vicksburg, Miss., and supposed to have served with 87th Div. at Camp Pike, Ark. winter of 1917. Efforts being made to locate relatives.

316th INF., Co. G, 79th Div.—Former officers and men who knew Dominick RUSSO.

VIN ROUGE FOLLIES—Claude M. SANER, former member of this A. E. F. show needs affidavit from ex-Lt. Roger W. TAGGART regarding loss of voice while in service. Was flu patient in Allerey, France, hospital, Nov., 1918.

LINDLEY, Robert H.—Information wanted regarding whereabouts of this veteran in connection with money he has in his home bank.

S. S. *America*—Statements from former shipmates of Albert Jackson WAITS, ex-fireman 1st, U. S. N. Now T. B. patient in insane asylum. Needs affidavits regarding his general court martial to substantiate claim.

WILSON, George W.—Statements from Cpl. Charles A. JONES, Pvts. Reuben BURRELL, Ellison MOSES, Bruce STONEY and Charles BUTLER in support of claim.

321st M. G. Bn., 82d Div.—Information regarding whereabouts of Swan LYSSELL whose adjusted service certificate is being held for him.

LYONS, Tom (Col.)—Formerly Pvt., Co. G, 372d



Inf., discharged Camp Sherman, Ohio, Mar. 5, 1919. Born Shannon, Miss., black eyes and hair, dark complexion, 5 ft. 4 in. Applied for adjusted compensation in Jan., 1928. Left wife and children in Pittsburgh, Pa., July 13, 1922.

U. S. S. *Westwood*—Former officers who recall injury to Lt. R. Thiele in 1919 when heavy seas broke his stateroom door.

AVIATION CAMP, GREAT LAKES NAVAL STA.—Statements from men who remember William Stone, C. P. O., quarantined with flu, 1917 or 1918. Stone died June 14, 1921, and widow needs aid in establishing claim.

355TH INF., M. G. Co., 89TH DIV.—Affidavits from former comrades who remember Carl G. Lundgren (now deceased) having been gassed in St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives. Widow needs aid in establishing insurance claim.

6TH MARINES, 79TH Co., 2d Div.—Former mem-

bers, particularly Lt. GUYMAN, during July and Aug., 1918, to assist William McKinley Yost in obtaining compensation.

DEWLING, Heribert—Information wanted regarding whereabouts of this man who served with Newfoundland's Regiment in World War and was attached to Military Bureau in Rouen, France, 1917-1918.

53D INF., Co. L, 6TH DIV.—Statement from Albert Milbreth to support claim of Carl J. Boeck for ear injuries when shell exploded.

COOKS and BAKERS SCHOOL, Camp Grant, Ill.—Statements from Capt. James H. Berry and Lt. Manning, Q. M. R. Co., to support disability claim of E. B. Thomas as result of illness suffered in service.

*The Company Clerk*  
JOHN J. NOLL

## Follow the Leader

(Continued from page 23)

generally recognized that one of the greatest bars to the progress of the mountain districts is lack of educational facilities. The accomplishment of your aims would do much to overcome this handicap, and the results would be of inestimable value."

To emphasize vocational training has been the idea uppermost in York's mind in planning the curriculum of the Institute. Agriculture is placed first on the list, with an able instructor in this subject under the Smith-Hughes plan of federal co-operation. There is a farm shop which serves as a manual laboratory. For the girls there are home economics and sewing as distinct vocational subjects. There is a department of music. All other subjects necessary to first-class high school work, within the limits of the teaching hours of eight busy faculty members, are included in the courses of study. The enrollment for 1930-31 stood at 150. They came from over a radius of forty-five miles, but mostly from Fentress County.

"Two things I want education to bring our boys and girls," Sergeant York explains earnestly. "First, stronger character. And second, better citizenship.

"I think the most important thing in life is to develop the right kind of character. Education can help a lot with that—the right kind of education can! If a boy or girl develops a love of the truth and the right when growin' up, it's bound to turn out all right!

"Then there's the matter of good citizenship. I tell these boys and girls it's a great thing to be an American citizen. I tell 'em they got to start out by being good farmers, business men, teachers, housekeepers and the like, to be worthy to be called good citizens. I hope that every class that follows this first class out of here can go out and build up their communities."

Sergeant York is trying definitely to show his boys and girls that they spring from a wonderful—though mountainous—part of God's green earth, and that they ought to come on back, if they are going to go on elsewhere for further training of any kind, to assume positions of leadership right in their home neighborhoods. He will tell you that the big majority of the young people of the mountains who come

to his school will never get on to college. It is the purpose of his Institute to send the students back home among the hills prepared to make a living, and capable of building their own homes and shaping their own lives. Such will make the best leaders for his own people of the Mountains, he maintains.

"Nothing like followin' a leader you've known all your life!" he says.

York points with pride to the principal of the Institute, Prof. C. R. Cross, his nephew, who was "raised" on a hill farm nearby and who came back after his graduation from the University of Tennessee "to help fight the battle," as York expresses it.

Sergeant York will tell you he faces some big tasks as he passes the important mile post of turning out his first graduating class. In carrying on toward the ideal of giving every boy and girl within reach of Jamestown a chance at a good education, he must continually expand in buildings, equipment, and aid for students. His plans include the erection of a girls' dormitory and a boys' dormitory, each to accommodate a hundred; a central dining hall, a modern stock and dairy barn, and wood-working shops. All this will take time and money to accomplish, but with an amazing faith in his project York is enlisting men of means in giving the Institute needed support. The library of the school is being built up, book by book or a number of books at a time, principally from gifts of interested friends near and far.

Sergeant York has built up a student loan fund to aid those who are dependent on working their way through school, and building up this fund and establishing additional scholarships is his biggest immediate task. Students who take advantage of the loan fund work out their obligations, the boys principally in cutting wood and clearing up the campus and parts of the farm.

He estimates that \$200 will put a student through for a year, and is energetically seeking endowments that will produce that amount or straight gifts to be used as scholarships.

"Only we don't call 'em gifts," he says. "They're investments in some mighty good Americans."



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# Putting Order Into Law

(Continued from page 21)

drawn between finding the facts, and the rules of law which settled the rights of the parties after the facts were found. Now we shall have to draw another distinction. We may call it the distinction between substance and procedure, or to use a different and common legal phrase, between "substantive law" and "adjective law." The difference may be shown by illustration. Suppose that John has hit Peter and knocked him down. Whether Peter has a claim for damages against John for his injury is a rule of substantive law. On the facts stated he does have such a claim unless John has a good excuse. It is a rule of substantive law whether the answer is yes or no. Rules of adjective law determine how Peter shall get his claim recognized and enforced. To illustrate: He must present his claim in the right court; he must give the required notice to John of the starting of the law suit; he must state his point in a designated, orderly way. If he wins the case and a judgment is entered in his favor, there will be rules which settle how he can go about it to seize John's property or garnish his wages if the judgment is not paid. If the case is a criminal prosecution brought by the State against John upon Peter's complaint, it is a rule of substantive criminal law which settles the question whether John has committed a punishable offense. How he is to be arrested, let out on bail, tried and sentenced is a matter of procedure—adjective law. Sometimes the two run together and it is hard to tell where substance leaves off and procedure begins, just as it is hard to tell at what point twilight ceases to be day and becomes night.

A good system of procedure makes it possible for cases, both civil suits and criminal prosecutions, to be handled fairly, quickly and at moderate expense. But in some of our large cities it takes three years from the time a case is started before it can be brought to trial. This delay is unavoidable by the litigant.

IT IS worth our while to give a little attention to the process of the development of the rules of law by the judges. Many volumes have been written about it by learned authors, so it is obvious that a summary of a few lines can hardly be accurate from the point of view of the historical scholar. But we are not after details; what we want is a general picture. Let us start with a time when there is a king in England, and he has become strong enough to exert some measure of authority. Having much royal business as well as kingly amusements to occupy his attention he has neither time nor inclination to put in his days hearing disputes between his subjects and arriving at just settlements. So he delegates this business to a group of judges appointed by him. But these judges aren't provided with any books of rules.

There aren't any rules. They must be worked out through experience.

Suppose we look at the process in action as shown in an interesting little drama enacted in the year 1347. The characters are I deS and W deS, whose full names are unknown. According to the synopsis that the old reporter has left for us, the story runs something like this: William came to Ida's inn late one night, pounded on the door and bawled for admission. Ida had retired. She evidently believed in the adage of "early to bed," even if she had not had the advantage of reading Benjamin Franklin's "Poor Richard's Almanac."

IDA went to the window, stuck out her head and inquired who was making the disturbance and what he wanted. Probably her inquiry was none too gentle in tone; this was in the days before service to the customer became the primary rule in inn keeping. William repeated his demand and emphasized it by striking at the lady with his hatchet. That ends the first reel. I suppose we may interpolate the sub-title "Came the Dawn," for in the next scene Ida has William in court, claiming money damages because he struck at her with the hatchet. The settlement of the case gave some trouble. Ida had not been hit, she had only been scared. Did William have to pay damages when he had not touched her? That question had never been faced before: there was no book to which the judge could turn to find the answer. The old fellows who left their notes of cases in those times were exceedingly laconic. Ida won her law suit and got half a mark as damages but we are not told the reasons that the judge gave for his conclusion. Evidently he thought that an intentional interference with Ida's peace of mind ought to be paid for. Doubtless he thought also that a lesson to William might help make the neighborhood a pleasanter place to live in.

Here is the first step in the growth of a rule of law. The judge has heard the evidence, decided what the facts are, and on the basis of those facts given judgment in favor of the party he thinks ought to win. Various elements have entered into the reason for his decision. The general custom and sentiment of the community play an important part. So, too, the judge's notions of morals and expediency and what he thinks is good public policy. Since the judge is a human being his own personality and his likes and dislikes necessarily will play a part also, however much he may try to be impersonal.

Now suppose that the day after the judge had decided Ida's case against William that Sarah had sued John, and Sarah's story against John was just the same as Ida's against William. Will the fact that the judge let Ida recover from William call for a like recovery for Sarah against John?

There is little doubt that the judge himself would answer the question in the affirmative. So would every lawyer. When a court has considered a question and made a decision upon its merits, it is pretty sure to follow the decision when the question comes up again. There are several reasons for this, all of them good. In the first place, it is a universal custom of human beings, whether judges or not. Don't we all follow paths once laid out, and reduce much of our lives to almost mechanical habit? Judges in following precedents once established are only doing in a specific situation what we all do in general.

Secondly, courts must follow their own decision pretty closely if they expect to retain a reputation for fairness, which is highly necessary if they are to function most effectively.

Finally, courts must adhere to what they have decided because other people in their own every-day personal and business affairs rely on what the court has done. When a judge makes a decision, that decision and, to a lesser extent, the reasons given for it, become a part of the law, and part of the professional knowledge of lawyers. Thus, through the years and through the accumulation of these thousands of instances a body of law is built up, the common law of England and America.

It is worth emphasizing that this law is entirely a human made product. It was not handed down on tables of stone from Mount Sinai. It has been built up by judges who are fallible human beings.

THIS process of development in our judge-made law has been going on for several hundred years. Our system started in England, built up step by step by decisions of English judges. It has been influenced some, of course, by continental thought and the Roman law, but it is pretty largely an indigenous product. Judges in America started with the body of rules and opinion built up in England, adopted what they thought suitable here and worked out the changes and additions which they thought appropriate. But our course of legal development has not been as smooth as that of England. When the highest court there (the House of Lords) announces a rule of law, the acceptance of that rule is compulsory upon all other English courts. When the United States Supreme Court lays down a rule of law, acceptance of that rule is compulsory upon all other courts only in a very limited class of cases. The reason for the difference is found in the dual nature of our Government. For some purposes we are one, the United States. But for others we are many, forty-eight in fact, and each one of our forty-eight States is in many things a law unto itself. The federal Government has a system of courts, a fact which thousands of prohibition law violators have



found out. At the head of the federal courts stands the Supreme Court of the United States. Its decisions rule the lower federal courts. But it can declare law which the State courts are compelled to accept only in cases arising under some question regarding the Constitution of the United States, statutes passed by the Congress of the United States under a power given in the Constitution, or a treaty made between the United States and some other country. The highest court in Massachusetts is under no compulsion to adopt a rule of law announced by the highest court of New York, unless it chooses to do so. And, except as just stated, the State courts are independent of federal authority.

The result is just what one would expect. There is frequent disagreement among courts in different States in the answer to the same question. When results are not in actual disagreement language used by one court may differ so from language used by another that one can not tell whether they see the question in the same way or not. At the same time we are pouring out court decisions by the barrel. Each year there are 30,000 printed decisions reported in this country. That does not include the thousands of others made by lower courts whose decisions are not preserved in printed form. Of course the outcome is uncertainty and confusion, which baffles the lawyer and exasperates his client. If the client asks the lawyer what his rights are upon a certain contract, the lawyer may know what the Massachusetts court has said about the matter, and he may know that in Pennsylvania the question has been de-

cided contrary to the Massachusetts decision. But if the client has a Wisconsin contract and the Wisconsin court has not passed upon the question, there is no way by which the lawyer can predict for the client whether the Wisconsin court will follow Pennsylvania or Massachusetts if the question gets into litigation. The uncertainty is not anyone's fault, but it is unfortunate nevertheless.

Can anything be done about it all? That question has been in the minds of many of our thoughtful lawyers for a number of years. Papers have appeared, speeches have been delivered, and discussions have taken place, all viewing with alarm the growing bulk of our law, the divergence of its rules in different States, and its growing complexity and uncertainty. All this has culminated in the organization of a very important body which, knowing fully the difficulties, has gone at the problem with great intelligence and with every prospect of success. Eight years ago in Washington a group of lawyers, judges and law teachers formed a body called the American Law Institute. There were some great names in the group—Elihu Root, George W. Wickersham, Charles Evans Hughes, Harlan F. Stone, Benjamin N. Cardozo. These are typical of the men who initiated the enterprise. The task which the Institute has set for itself is the restatement of the common law. By restatement is meant the re-examination of all this accumulated mass of court decisions, built up in the way already described, followed by the statement of the rules and principles found in them in an accurate and orderly manner. The Institute wants (Continued on page 64)

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## Putting Order Into Law

(Continued from page 63)

to be able to say to the lawyers and judges of the country: "Here is an accurate statement of the law as it has developed thus far. It is not the final word upon the law, for we realize that it must always keep on growing and developing. But you may rely upon our statement as representing the law of today."

Projects something like this have been undertaken in other nations. Way back in the time of the Emperor Justinian there was an examination and codification of the Roman law. Under Napoleon's direction a similar piece of work was done in France and the justly famous Code Napoléon was the result. Near the end of the last century the German Code was produced in like fashion. But these foreign experiences differ upon a very important point from the undertaking of the American Law Institute. With each of them, as with the work of the American Law Institute, the first step was a thorough study by competent legal scholars, of the existing legal material. But in each of these foreign instances after the study was made and

the new work was ready, it was given compulsory effect by imperial decree or legislative action. Courts had to accept it, willy nilly. The Institute's restatement is not put forth as a code for a legislature to pass. It goes to the legal profession upon its own merits, asking for voluntary acceptance only by the lawyers and courts. There is no wish to confine the laws of 1975 to the point reached in development in 1931, as it is felt would be the case if they were put into statutory form through legislative action.

If the efforts of a purely voluntary group of this sort are to affect the law, it is pretty clear that the job must be very well done indeed. Every effort has been made to insure success on that side. For the men to take the initial responsibility for writing the text of the restatement, the Institute has chosen from the legal scholars of the country men who are recognized authorities in their particular branches of the law: Williston of Harvard for Contracts; Powell of Columbia for Property; Bohlen of Pennsylvania for Torts. These are fair samples of the scholars upon whom the initial burden of the work rests. Each of these men is sur-

rounded with an advisory group whose members have also made a particular study of the branch of law under consideration. Some of the advisors come from our law schools. But others are from the bench and the practitioner's office.

There has been no attempt to hurry the job to completion. Work has been done so far in only a small number of the subjects of the law. Care, rather than haste, has from the start been the governing consideration.

The American Law Institute has now been working eight years. It has not yet completed its work in any subject of the law. But it will soon do so. By next year Professor Williston and his group will have finished their work in the large and important subject of Contracts. During the next ten years we shall see, one by one, the result of its prodigious labor in the important branches of our law in the form of completed restatements. Already the parts that are available are being cited by our courts: our legal magazines are dotted with references

to the work which is continuing.

The final effect upon the law no one can predict. The restatement will not be a panacea for all the ills of the Goddess of Justice. Neither through the work of the Institute nor in any other way shall we ever reach the place where we can say: "Now, all of the troubles with the law are settled. We can go on to something else." New difficulties, new problems will always be presenting themselves in a growing and changing state of society. New legal questions will present themselves so long as men do new things, or old ones in a different way.

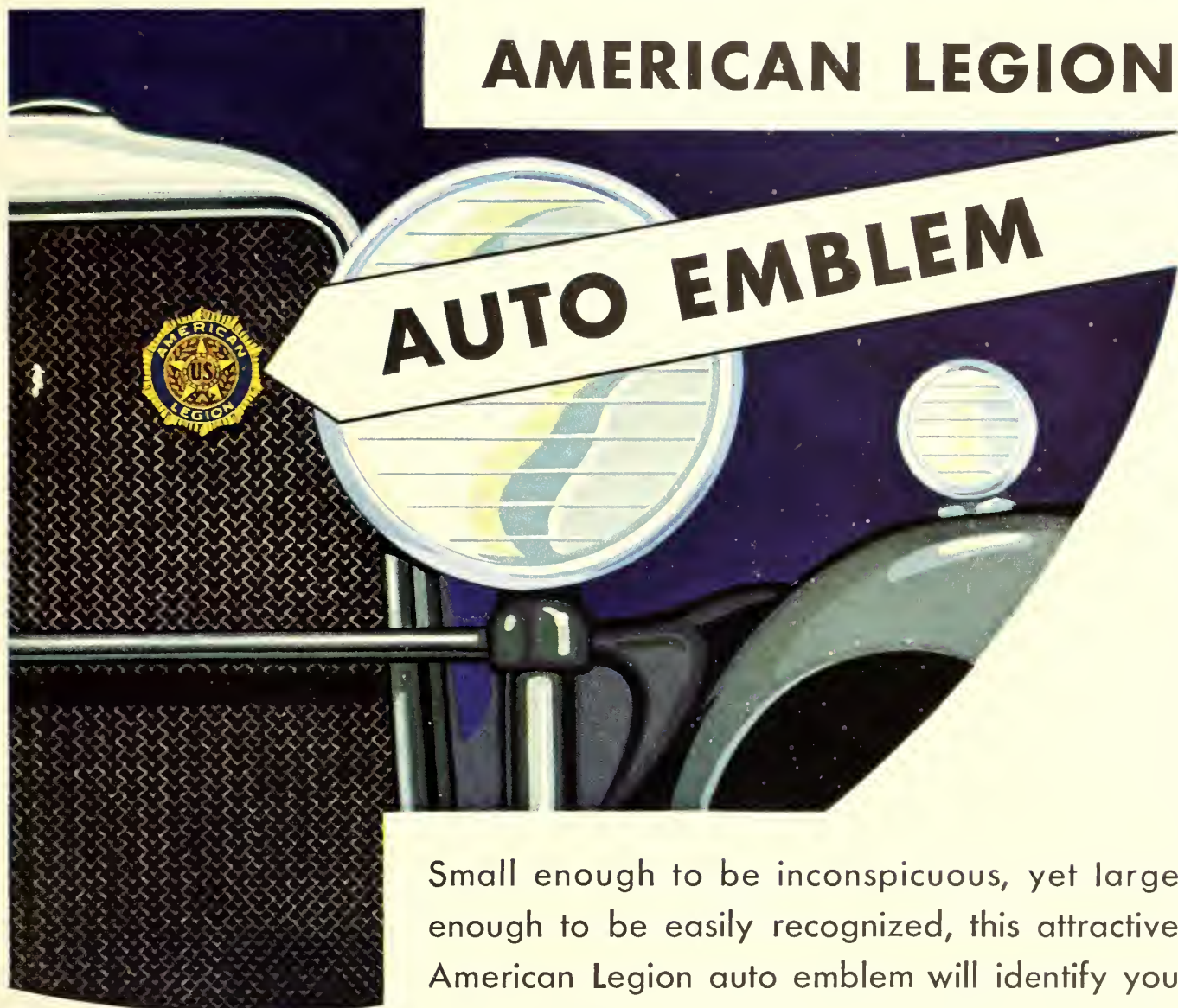
But it does not lessen the value of effort made for the public welfare that its successful completion does not forever solve human problems. The work of the Institute represents a tremendous piece of unselfish work by the legal profession of the country. It is an honest and intelligent contribution to that happier, fairer world to which we all in our better moments aspire. The contribution itself must be of immense value. Equally great is the value of the vigorous uniting of a great profession in a nation-wide enterprise for the public service.



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